Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching as many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MARIONE LODGE No. 81, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY; Richard Gardiner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets Rhode Island 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 15, K. of P.; James E. Beaumont, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 6, U. R. K. of P., 8th Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 2677, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Decker Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

The New Railway Charter.

Petitions are being circulated in this city and in the various towns on the island to be presented to the General Assembly at its January session regarding the proposed electric road from Newport to Bristol Ferry. Large numbers of signatures have already been obtained.

The petition is as follows:

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island:

We, the undersigned, citizens and parties interested in an act now pending before your Honorable Body, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Newport and Bristol Ferry Railway Company;" respectfully petition your Honorable Body that said act may pass, giving to this corporation the right to construct and maintain a railroad from Newport to Bristol Ferry and a suitable ferry line from said Bristol Ferry to some point in the town of Bristol, in conformity with the act now on file.

Similiar petitions are being circulated in Bristol which will be the terminus of the road. The Bristol Phenix says: "There is no trouble whatever in getting signatures to the petition, for the people, in general, of this town are very enthusiastic over the prospects of a line between Bristol and Newport."

Foresters' Social.

There was a large gathering at Odd Fellows Hall Wednesday evening, the occasion being a military and civic social given by Newport Conclave, No. 34, Knights of Sherwood Forests, which proved one of the most enjoyable socials ever given by the conclave. Supreme Commander John Quinn and Supreme Adjutant Jeremiah Noonan, of the Continental Conclave, No. 103, of Providence, were in attendance.

Music was furnished by the Foresters' orchestra, Mr. Robert J. Cunningham, leader, and the prompting was done by Messrs. Joseph S. Nuss and James M. Sullivan.

There will probably be a reduction in the price of ice in Newport next summer, provided enough ice is cut in Southern New England to supply the demand. The recently organized ice combine in Fall River and New Bedford proposes to invade the local field, establishing a large branch here. One member of the corporation states that the concern could put in ice in Newport at a profit and only charge one dollar per ton.

Hon. F. P. Garrettson went to New York Thursday night and took with him two young men, Morris McMahon and Norman Spooner, of his Newport establishment, for a few days' vacation in the metropolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs have closed their cottage in Kay street and gone to New York for the winter.

The small pox emergency hospital was closed last week, the last patient having been discharged.

Lieut. Brotherson, of the Training Station, who has been seriously ill, is reported to be slowly improving.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Gillett have taken up their residence in New York for the winter.

Rhode Island State Grange.

The Fifteenth Annual Session at South Portsmouth was Largely Attended—The Proceedings.

The fifteenth annual session of the Rhode Island State Grange was held Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at Oakland Hall, South Portsmouth. About one hundred delegates from all parts of the State were present. The Grange was opened in the 5th degree at 11:15 a. m., Albert A. Smith of Woonsocket presiding. Roll of officers was called and minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The address of welcome was given by Warren H. Sherman, Worthy Master of Portsmouth Grange, and was responded to by F. G. Marchant, W. Master of West Kingston Grange. This was followed by reports from the deputies from Providence, Newport, and Washington counties. The report of the committee on credentials was received; also of the Providence County Pomona No. 1. Reports were received from Lecturer, Treasurer, and Secretary and committee on business.

The afternoon session called to order at 1:15 p. m., with the singing of "The River of Time" by the Grange. Committees of condolence were appointed as follows: On A. M. Belcher—Fred W. Vol, Charles Magoon, Charles Ward; on Nath. T. Reynolds—O. M. Meserve, Thomas E. Mathewson, Mrs. Alfred Clark; on J. A. Tillinghast—Courtland F. Chapman, F. E. Marchant, Mrs. A. A. Kennedy. The report of John G. Clark in regard to the Board of Agriculture was received. Remarks were made by Isaac L. Sherman on the same subject. It was voted that the subject of the Board of Agriculture be referred to the committee on legislation. The report of the Patrons Mutual Fire Insurance Company was received and ordered printed in the Proceedings of the Grange. Reports of twenty-one masters of sub-granges and report of the committee on diversion of labor were received. Remarks were made by Brother Aylesworth in regard to the game laws of the state; also by Brothers Meserve, G. H. Potter, and Thomas G. Nayard and Mrs. Whipple in regard to oleomargerine.

After intermission and supper the grange was opened in the fifth degree, when seven candidates were initiated into the fifth degree. This was followed by eighteen members taking the sixth degree in full form. Remarks for the good of the order were made by Professor Carry, Kingston College, and R. C. Patterson, Master of the State Grange of Connecticut. A reading was given by Mrs. Carrie S. Beauregard, entitled "The Jolmers;" for encore "The Bridge of the Tay." The meeting then adjourned until 9:30 Wednesday morning.

The second day's session of the State Grange opened Wednesday at 9.50 a. m. in the 4th degree. There was an increase of delegates from different parts of the states. F. E. Marchant called for the record which referred to the holding of the next meeting at at Kingston College. It was voted to postpone the place for meeting of the State Grange until after the election of the Executive committee. I. Lincoln Sherman was elected a member for 3 years, Fred W. Voelker for 2 years and A. F. Coggeshall, Secretary. A resolution was presented relative to the game laws of the state and was accepted. Resolutions were received from Thomas G. Mathewson on the death of N. T. Reynolds, and from Fred W. Voelker on the death of A. M. Belcher. A memorial service was held at 11.30 in honor and to the memory of the late Andrew M. Belcher, Nathaniel T. Reynolds and Joseph A. Tillinghast. It was a very impressive one, and many tributes of respect and esteem for the departed ones were given by those who had labored with them for the good of the order.

At 1.30 p. m. the meeting was called to order by the Master, A. A. Smith, who requested an expression from the masters of the subordinate Granges as to where they would like to have the next State Grange meeting. The general opinion favored East Greenwich. The meeting was then turned over to the Lecturer, Theo. S. Snow, when the following fine program was carried out.

Piano Solo—"Old Folks at Home"
Lottie M. Manchester
Vocal Solo—"Beyond the Hills"
Mrs. H. S. Voelker
Reading—"Ballad of the Banks in a Way that Seemeth Men"; for encore "When Uncle Elisha played Ox"
Reuben Peckham
Piano Solo—The Myrtles
Sadie E. Peckham
Reading—One Thanksgiving day out West
Mrs. Carrie S. Beauregard
Vocal Solo—A. Richmond Hambly
Reading—Fire Bishop and the Caterpillar
Mrs. Beauregard
Vocal Solo—"The Mighty Deep"
Edgar L. Barker.

Mr. H. J. Wheeler, Director of the R. I. experimental station, was introduced and spoke in regard to the relations of that institution. He dwelt with much emphasis on the necessity of the farmers co-operating with the work at the Station if it is to do the best work in the state. As a practical illustration attention was called to the fact that the station now wishes to conduct experiments to ascertain how the black head disease of the turkey industry in Rhode Island revived. The Station wishes to find localities where the disease now exists, but which are remote from farms where turkeys are reared by others. A brief outline was given of the work thus far accomplished and of the plans for the near future.

Vocal Solo—"For all eternity"
Mrs. Phillip W. Almy
Vocal Solo—The Holy City
Mr. Mason

The lecturer gave a few remarks of appreciation of the talent exercised, terming it "an embarassment of riches", and thanked those who had aided him in making the Lecturer's hour a success. The meeting was then opened and closed in the fourth degree, all unfinished business being postponed until the next meeting which will be held in East Greenwich, Washington County.

Recent Deaths.

J. Neilson Howard.

Mr. J. Neilson Howard died on Saturday afternoon of last week at the residence of his mother, Mrs. E. W. Howard, on Kay street. Mr. Howard was taken seriously ill in New York some weeks ago and on the advice of his physician was removed to his mother's residence in this city, but little or no hopes were entertained for his recovery from the first. Mr. Howard had been in poor health for a number of years. Last July he was married to Miss Edith Rook, daughter of Mrs. E. F. Rook. He leaves one brother and one sister: Mr. Thomas H. Howard and Mrs. Harford W. H. Powell.

Mr. Howard was the founder of the real estate business known as J. Neilson Howard & Co., which is now conducted by DeBlois & Eldridge. He was a member of the Newport Reading Room, the Lawrence Club, the New York Yacht Club and a number of social organizations in New York.

The funeral took place from Trinity church, Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone officiating, and was attended by relatives and friends. There were many beautiful floral tributes.

The interment was in Providence.

William H. Bliss.

Mr. William H. Bliss, Jr., died at his home on Gypsum lane, Middletown, at an early hour Thursday morning. He had been ill with consumption for a considerable time but the disease had only reached a critical stage within a few days.

Mr. Bliss was born in this city, being a son of the late William H. Bliss. He had conducted a prosperous farm in Middletown for a number of years and was an energetic, industrious man. He was greatly esteemed by his neighbors and friends.

He leaves a widow, a daughter of Joseph Coggeshall, and two children. He is also survived by two brothers and one sister, Mr. Benjamin F. Bliss, Mr. J. Edward Bliss and Mrs. Edward Newton.

Mrs. John W. Bowring.

Mrs. Wealthy A., widow of Mr. John Bowring, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Griffith, on Van Zandt avenue, on Friday of last week, age 83 years, of pneumonia, after an illness of about a week's duration. The funeral took place Tuesday from her daughter's residence on Van Zandt avenue and Malbone road.

Mrs. Cornelia J. Miller.

Word was received here of the death in New York on Saturday of last week of Mrs. Cornelia Jones Miller, mother of Mrs. French E. Chadwick, after an illness of only two days. Mrs. Miller was a daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Jones and Maria Bowers Duane, of Utica, N. Y., and had made many acquaintances and friends in Newport during her visits to her daughter at the Naval War College.

The funeral services were held Sunday from her late residence, 58 West Ninth street, New York.

Emma Rebekah Lodge.

Emma Rebekah Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., held their regular meeting Thursday evening, there being a very large attendance. Some of the members of Grace Lodge, of Portsmouth, and of Esther Lodge, of this city, were present. Several new members were initiated. During the evening the Emma Lodge was presented with a nice altar by some of the lady members. After the exercises of the lodge were over the guests and members repaired to the dining room below, where a bountiful collation was served. The order is increasing in membership and gives much promise for the future. Officers were elected as follows:

Noble Grand—Mrs. Ida N. Matley.
Vice Grand—Mrs. Abby A. Carr.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Mary A. Frye.
Financial Secretary—Miss Mary A. Barlow.
Treasurer—Mrs. Emma F. Underwood.
Trustees—Mrs. Emma Jones, William Hall, Mrs. Eliza Barker.

Mr. Henry Taylor, formerly of this city, died in Providence on Monday. The body was brought to Newport for interment. Mr. Taylor leaves a brother and sister, Mr. George W. Taylor and Mrs. John C. Stoddard, of this city.

School Committee.

Important Meeting Monday Evening—Petition for a Colored Teacher—Annual Report to the City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening, Chairman C. F. Barker presiding. Considerable business of importance was transacted.

The report of Superintendent Lull showed the school attendance as follows: The total registration at the end of the third month was 3,574; average number belonging, 3,261.8; average number attending, 2,923; percentage of attendance, 89.6; cases of tardiness, 698; cases of dismissal, 74; cases of truancy, 16; number of different truants, 15. The total registration November 22, 1901, was 3,674; total number November 24, 1900, 3,368; increase, 216; permits issued since November 22, 17. The number of cases of tardiness last November was 1,811; this November, 668; decrease, 676. The elementary evening school had an average attendance for the month of 35 men and 14 women. The evening drawing classes had an average attendance of 25 and the bookkeeping class 7.6; total, 33.6.

The superintendent also explained the work of the Industrial School, and showed how some of the expenses of the building should be charged to the Rogers High school. He said that owing to the postponement of the erection of the new high school building, it would be necessary to delay the equipment of the Coles addition to the Industrial school and use that for other purposes than was intended. He spoke of a slight increase to the Teachers' Retirement Fund, of the addition of Mr. Edward K. Stevens to the corps of teachers of the Rogers High School, and of gifts of pictures received.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following: Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 159; number of cases of truancy, 14; number of different children truants, 14; number out for illness and other causes, 145; number found not attending school, 11; number sent to public schools, 6; number sent to Catholic schools, 5. During the past month two boys have been arrested for habitual truancy, pleaded guilty and were placed on probation. They are now attending school regularly. He recommended that Robert Bohlne be prosecuted according to law.

A long petition was read asking that Miss Louise Van Horne, a young colored woman, be appointed a teacher in the public schools. The petitioners set forth the reasons for their request and cited the cases of a number of colored women who had made successful teachers in city schools elsewhere. After a few remarks on the subject the petition was referred to the committee on teachers.

On recommendation of the finance committee it was voted to request the city council for an extra appropriation of $3,500, which amount had been necessarily expended in excess of the regular appropriations. Francis Stanhope was elected to take the school census. Theophilus Topham was nominated for truant officer and the salary was fixed at $900, an increase of $100 over last year. A request for admission of a non-resident to the public schools without tuition was refused.

Dr. C. F. Barker, chairman of the school committee, presented the annual report to the city council and it was adopted. The report was as follows:

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Newport, Gentlemen: The public school committee herewith present their annual report, together with the report of the superintendent of public schools and of the head master of the Rogers High School, for the last school year.

The enrolment for the present year is considerably in excess of that of last year, the increase in the several grades being as follows: November 24, 1900, the enrolment in the high school, grades X-XIII, was 202; November 22, 1901, it was 280. In the grammar schools, grades VI-IX, November 24, 1900, the enrolment was 827; November 22, 1901, it was 871. In the intermediate schools, grades IV-V, November 24, 1900, the enrolment was 720; November 22, 1901, it was 830. In the primary schools, grades I-III, the kindergartens, and the ungraded school, November 24, 1900, the enrolment was 1,543; November 22, 1901, it was 1,614.

The total enrolment in November of last year was 3,358; this year it was 3,571, showing an increase of 216.

To provide for this increase it has been necessary to open three additional rooms and employ four additional teachers. In the Rogers High School Mr. Edward K. Stevens has been added to the force of teachers, an additional recitation room having been provided by dividing into two the large room on the third floor. Three additional rooms have been opened, one each in the assembly halls of Coggeshall and Calvert and one in the room formerly used as the office of the department in the Clarke school. The three new schools opened are in grades IX, VI and V, and Miss Alice M. Packard, Miss Emily C. Taylor and Miss Clara B. Peckham have been employed as teachers, the latter having served a year as substitute.

Relief has thus been afforded to some of the most crowded schools, but there are now 21 rooms in grades below the ninth where 50 or more children are registered, three of these with 60, one with 61 and one with 67. This crowding is mainly in grades III, IV and V, and in the Coddington, Lenthal and Carey schools. In grades X-XIII the crowding is still greater. In the high school building are 90 more than could be comfortably seated.

It is evident that the best work cannot be done under such conditions and that there is danger that the health of pupils and teachers will suffer unless relief is given. Moreover, with the probable increase next year, the conditions will be still worse. It was to relieve the present crowding and provide for future growth that the committee petitioned your honorable body to place before the voters the proposition for an appropriation for a new high school building. In the judgment of the committee the plan proposed was the best, because it would have placed all the schools in the high school grades in close proximity, thus making possible a much simpler and more efficient management of them, and at the same time it would have made available for the lower grades the present high school building, in the locality where those grades are now most overcrowded.

It has been suggested that relief may be afforded the high school by using the building now being erected as the Coles laboratory for teaching a portion of the school. This would make it impossible to use the building for laboratory purposes, for which it was intended; temporary arrangement, and would make no provision for needed room in the lower grades. It is certain that unless the people of Newport are willing to see their children deprived of school privileges because of the lack of sufficient school rooms new buildings must be erected within a very few years.

Some changes have been made this year in the plan of the public school system. In the high school the courses have been so arranged as to allow pupils much more freedom in choosing their studies than formerly. Hitherto pupils have been allowed to choose one of several fixed courses, in each of which the work was mapped out to the time of graduation. Now pupils are allowed to elect each year, with the approval of the parents, such studies as they may choose from those allotted to that year. The requirements are that all pupils must do a given amount of work in order to receive a diploma, that all must take English through the course, and at some time in the course must elect one subject in mathematics, one in science and one in history. While it is still too early to speak of results, yet it may be said that such a system has proved satisfactory in other places, and it is certainly better adapted to the necessities of individual pupils than the former plan.

A new feature, and one that proved very satisfactory, was introduced at the last graduating exercises. Instead of giving so much time as formerly to recitations by members of the graduating class, a prominent speaker from out of town was invited to make an address. President Faunce of Brown University gave the address at the graduating exercises of the high school and Miss Mabel Ellery Adams of the Horace Mann School of Boston gave one at the grammar graduation.

Another and most important change is the introduction of the teaching of physical culture. Many school children suffer from imperfect muscular development on account of the lack of proper exercise, and from faulty habits of standing, sitting, walking and breathing. The object of physical culture is to prevent the formation of these injurious habits and promote physical health and development. Miss Carrie L. Worthen has been employed as teacher of physical culture, under a plan similar to that pursued with music and drawing. Besides the work done in the different classrooms by Miss Worthen, the regular teachers carry on the training of their pupils under her supervision. Classes have often been formed among the teachers, and it is gratifying to note that many of them have entered upon the work with much enthusiasm. Miss Worthen is giving regular instruction in all schools except the high school, and the reason for this omission is lack of room for the necessary exercises.

The Townsend Industrial School is being conducted upon the same plan and with the same corps of efficient teachers as last year. There is apparently a more intelligent interest in the work done in this school. There are those who believe that the object of industrial training is to teach trades. This is a mistake. Boys are not taught to be carpenters and blacksmiths, nor are girls taught to be cooks and dressmakers. It would be no near the truth to suppose that the object of teaching the children music and drawing is to make artists of them. The object of industrial training is to develop, through the use of the hand and the eye, certain mental faculties that can not be developed by the mere study of books. Working in wood and iron, and with the needle and cooking utensils, is merely the means adapted to this end, and although the knowledge and the manual skill thus gained incidentally is valuable yet that is a secondary consideration.

The scope of the work is also misjudged. Many apparently suppose that the work of the school is limited to the teaching of the children (about 80 in number) who are seated in the building, whereas all children in the four grades, VI-IX, regularly receive instruction there, besides children from private and parochial schools and those in the evening classes. In addition to this, the girls in grades IV-V are taught sewing in their class rooms. The whole number now regularly receiving instruction is 1,198.

The Coles School building, after delays caused by difficulty in obtaining building material, is now approaching completion and should be ready for occupancy within the next two or three months. The department acknowledges with gratitude the generous gift of $5,000 received from Professor Agassiz, to be used for the equipment of the physical, chemical and biological laboratories of the school. As previously stated the committee may think it wise to defer the equipment of the laboratories for their ultimate purpose and use the rooms to relieve the crowding of the Rogers High School.

The recent occurrence of small pox caused a temporary falling off in the attendance at the Edward Farewell school, because two cases occurred among the children attending that school. These children undoubtedly contracted the disease from exposure to the first case, but were not among those known to the board of health as having been exposed. There was just cause for alarm, because the children were both attending school when they were taken ill. The board of health caused the immediate vaccination of the whole school, and fortunately no other case occurred there.

Through the efforts of the Association for the Decoration of Newport Schools, through whose active interest many of our schoolrooms have been rendered more attractive four new rooms have been decorated during the past year, and a gift of nine beautiful pictures illustrating French subjects has been received from Mrs. Sorchan in another room.

The committee would bespeak the interest of the public for the Teachers' Retirement Fund. At the present slow rate of growth it will be long before the income from this fund can be sufficient to afford much aid to retired and needy teachers. During the year it has received, with the regular contributions from the salaries of the teachers, sums of money from private contributions and from the proceeds of lectures and entertainments sufficient to make the total amount a little over $3,000. This is an object certainly no less worthy than the fund of the Police Relief Association, and yet it receives far less in contributions.

The sanitary improvements pronounced necessary by the board of health, and for which your honorable body voted a special appropriation of $6,500, have been nearly completed. The schools where this work has been done are Calvert, Clarke, Potter, Edward-Farewell, Cranston and Lenthal. Our schools are now, with few exceptions, in good sanitary condition.

The committee is testing a simple method of ventilation by means of an attachment to ordinary windows, which if satisfactory can be introduced where required with comparatively little expense. In the rooms where it has been tried it has so far given good results.

During the year necessary repairs have been made, costing $6,739.63. This sum is less than was expended for the same purpose last year, but is perhaps more than the average yearly cost of repairs, and yet a considerable sum must be expended annually to keep the 14 schoolhouses in repair. It would be false economy to allow the buildings to deteriorate for lack of needed repairs.

The committee regrets that the appropriation for public schools will probably be overdrawn this year. It has been their conscientious purpose to manage the department as economically as was consistent with the best interests of the schools, and no expenditures have been made except such as have been deemed necessary.

With the constant increase in the number of school children and the consequent increase in the running expenses of the schools it is apparent that there must be a steady increase in the annual expenditure. It is therefore probable that the committee will be compelled to ask your honorable body to make an increased appropriation for this department next year.

For the Public School Committee.
CHRISTOPHER F. BARKER,
Chairman.

Mr. John R. Caswell has returned from a gunning trip at Maryland. He brought home some game and distributed a number of birds among his friends.

Miss Margaret Carroll is enjoying a two weeks' vacation with Mr. and Mrs. William O. Graham in New York.

Mrs. French E. Chadwick is visiting in New York and Washington.

McGovern-Slevin.

A brilliant up-town wedding of Saturday was that of Miss Jeanette McGovern, daughter of Mrs. Michael McGovern, to Dr. John J. Slevin, says the N. Y. Mail & Express, which took place in All Saints' Roman Catholic Church, 129th street and Madison avenue, and was followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's mother on Fifth avenue and 128th street. Dr. Slevin is a graduate of Columbia College and house surgeon of the Harlem Hospital. Both the young people are well known and popular. The ceremony was performed at 5:30 o'clock by Rev. Father Powers, pastor of All Saints' Church. The church was beautifully decorated in palms and lilies, and the bridal music was furnished by Edward William Mulligan, the church organist. Several hundred invitations were issued to the ceremony and reception. The bride was attended by Miss Agnes McCullough as maid of honor, who wore a gown of white embroidered crepe de chine, with a large white feather hat, and carried bridesmaid roses. The bride, who is a tall, graceful brunette, was given away by her brother, Mr. Frank McGovern. Her gown of white panne luisene was embroidered in pearls and almost entirely covered with old rose point lace. The bodice was of the pearl embroidery, with chiffon and clusters of lilies of the valley, which also caught the lace flounces; a veil of rose point, held by the same flowers, fell to the hem of the gown. She wore the bridegroom's gift, a diamond bracelet, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Mr. William Slevin, brother of the bridegroom, was the best man, and the ushers were: Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. James Slevin, Mr. Nicholas Walsh, Mr. James McGovern. Mrs. McGovern, mother of the bride, wore white and black silk with applique of black thread lace, and black and white chiffon. The drawing room was decorated with ferns, smilax and pink roses, with an arch of palms and white roses, where the bridal party stood to receive. After their return from a wedding journey Dr. Slevin and his bride will occupy their new home, which is a handsome modern house, the gift of the bride's mother. Among the numerous gifts received was a solid silver, goldlined oyster set from the staff of the Harlem Hospital.

The bride is well known in this city, being a granddaughter of the late Edward McHugh and a niece of Mrs. James Groves. Her cousin, Professor Edward W. Mulligan, organist of the church, furnished the music for the service.

Middletown.

WORK PROGRESSING ON GREENE'S LANE.—The award of the contract to the Messrs. Peckham for stoning 850 feet of the easterly section of Greene's Lane on the 23rd ult. was followed by a rain storm, snow and several days of freezing weather and it did not seem probable that the work would be undertaken this winter. However on the 2d instant work was begun and has progressed steadily ever since, with a fair prospect of being completed by the time specified, December 25. The closing of the lane occasioned some inconvenience to persons having merchandise to transport to and from the railway station and there were some quite emphatic protests and in one or two instances attempts were made to override the contractors and force a passage at any cost, and this action was taken by some of those who had been most clamorous for having the lane improved. The contractors however had been authorized by the Town Council to close the lane while the new road bed was being constructed, as being in the interest of public safety no less than to their advantage. Moreover a right of way had been secured across private lands which could be pursued without any great inconvenience. The public were cautioned against any unlawful interference with the doings of the contractors and forthwith the situation was accepted as the best possible, while those who had shown some combatative instincts acquiesced.

DEATH OF EDWARD P. CHASE.—During the early morning of Saturday, the seventh inst., Edward P. Chase died at his residence on Oliphant Lane. Deceased was the eldest son of Daniel Chase, for many years one of the oldest and most prominent representatives of the Chase family on Rhode Island and who passed away in December, 1896, only five years ago, at the ripe old age of 85. While the father was a successful farmer, who earned and bought his own farm, the son had followed the calling of a carpenter, and exhibited in his work both mechanical skill and thorough execution. For twenty-five years, from 1875 to 1900, Mr. Chase had been one of the Trustees of the Middletown Free Public Library, and had devoted much time and attention in the selection of books and in arranging for their shelving and circulation. He had read a great many of the books stored in the Library and his intimate knowledge of those added since 1875 qualified him to speak with acknowledged authority, as to their contents and character. Mr. Chase had been an employee of other builders and for quite a period of his life erected buildings on his own responsibility. His last days had been those of adversity. All his children had been taken from him in infancy, and in October, 1898, his wife died, leaving none to gather at his hearthstone. Since the decease of his wife Mr. Chase has done but little in the practice of his trade, preferring to spend his time amid the surroundings of his quiet rustic home, in which centered his chief and strongest affection and as associated with the remembrance of loved ones, gone before.

Mr. Johann William Schnitzer and Miss Josephine Stenstrom were married last week, the ceremony taking place at the parsonage of the First Presbyterian church and was witnessed by a small gathering of friends.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General
CHARLES KING

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CHAPTER XIV.

Morn of the last day of the month was breaking, clear, keen and sparkling. The ruddy glow of the orient heaven, the paling fires of the westward stars, the serene, steady watch light of the great planet, the pilot of the sun, high perched above the sharply outlined ridge toward the turbid Missouri, all told of the speedy coming of "the king of day rejoicing in the east." Over the wide prairies of Illinois, the rolling hills of Iowa, the slanting, dazzling sunbeams broke in glory, but even such glory failed to rend the pall of gloom and despond that covered the broad lands of the Red Water. A night of terror was changing to a day of dread. The last news before the wires themselves went down long, long miles away was that the train bearing the strikers' reenforcements—sons, brothers, comrades, of the federated workmen of the Brentwood shops—bearing, too, the refugees, men, women and children, from ranch and farm and hamlet along the Niobrara, had left Channing Station at dusk and was held up or cut off somewhere west of ruined Rosebud—God and the Indians alone could tell just where. At 7:30 "Channing" had wired that the Sioux war parties were seen at dusk coming westward at the gallop, "Goodby," and at 8:30 the wires ceased to work west of Castle Butte, an isolated station nearly 30 miles east of the ravaged settlement and full 150 west of Brentwood. For over 50 miles, as has been said, the line of the Big Horn paralleled the south border of the Sioux reservation, but farther to the west it pierced the old treaty lands along the White Earth and ran long leagues through the former hunting grounds of the Ogallalas, whose young men never lost a chance of emulating any savage exploits of the Brules. Beginning at Brentwood, the strike spirit flew east and west along the lines of the Big Horn and the Seattle. Beginning among the illicit groggeries along the Mini Chadnes, the revolt of the Brules spread with the speed of wildfire through the Indian villages upon the Dakota border until it overwhelmed the power of the agency close at hand as well as those to the west in Wyoming. The first dash of the young braves was at the originators of the mischief, the outlaws of the prairie, who discreetly fled, burying such of their stock in trade as they could not carry with them, all too easily to be trailed and dug up by the Sioux. Then, drink maddened and balked of their desires, the band had sacked the agency, released their imprisoned brothers and swooped southward on the helpless ranchers of the Niobrara. In frantic appeal for aid the station agent at Rosebud wired west to Fort Robinson, since their usual protectors were now far away along the Missouri. The answer was prompt, to the effect that the troops would start the instant a train could take them, and then, alas, too late, it was found that in making up that big "special" for the reenforcements for the strikers they had sent away the one serviceable engine between Frayne Station at the west and Brentwood. By the time the cars sent whirling from Frayne could reach Robinson every soldier was needed there, for the Pine Ridge Sioux had risen to a man. Robinson itself was threatened, while Rosebud Station, to the east, had been reduced to ashes. No wonder a pall had spread over Brentwood. Scores of its sons and many of its daughters were scattered in little stations of the Big Horn or in farms and ranches all along that perilous borderland, and the only words to reach the sorely anxious hearts at home came from terrified refugees at Castle Butte, declaring every ranch, farm and station burned and pillaged for over a hundred miles along the road, their hapless, helpless people either massacred or fleeing to the refuge of the sand hills to the south.

And now, as Boniface had said, the strike was done. At 9 the night before the wail had come from the threatened stations at the west, and men who at sunset were blocking the way against every car that carried troops were now straining every nerve to send them on. At 1 o'clock, hurried aboard the waiting train of the Big Horn in the Brentwood yards, the rifles went whirling away through the night, followed by the prayers and tears of a whole population and reenforced by full a hundred stalwart men, strikers of the day before, all armed, all bound for Rosebud and rescue of that imperiled train, with not one man in fifty of the military company, not one in ten of the railway party, who had had any experience whatever in Indian fighting. Old hands of the road had had some long range skirmishes while track laying. Some of the engineers' assistants could tell stirring tales of the days of the survey, but only two or three of the rifles had ever seen an armed and mounted Indian warrior. Many hoped they might never have to. Yet here they were, 60 men who under proper leadership would give good account of themselves in action against a civilized foe, setting forth to meet the most scientific fighters in creation, and Lieutenant Hunt, lawyer and loyal citizen, frankly stated that he would be glad to hand over his sword to any one who understood the business, and he'd take a ride and a place in the ranks. Oh, for Eric Langdon now!

Sixty, 70, 80 miles they ran without either news or warning, the silent engineer peering ever grimly forward through the night, one hand at the throttle, the other at the reverse lever. In the cab rode the assistant superintendent. In the forward cars were other officials and scores of stalwart men hastily herding the strike. Hunt for a time had been with them, but a veteran conductor took him aside. "We are pulling together now," said he, "but of course brotherhood matters can't be discussed in the presence of outsiders, and there are matters that must be talked over. We'll let you know whatever news we get at every stop." The conductor's words were significant; so were his eyes. Hunt took the hint and his leave, slipping back to the second car, where half the rifles were sprawling on the seats, the other half occupying the third. Six times the crowded train had stopped at stations and six times rushed on again. "Nothing further from any reliable source," said the conductor. "Only more horrible rumors and stories from refugees wired in from Castle Butte." Dawn came on apace, and the train slowed down in answer to a lantern signal at the bridge over Shadow creek. Two men tumbled aboard after excited hail to the occupants of the cab, and the conductor presently came back, looked in at the door and jerked his head to Hunt, as much as to say, "You're wanted." They were still 20 miles from the Buttes and had been running like mad. "There'll be a dozen old hands to join us next stop, lieutenant," said the official, "and all with Henrys or Winchesters. The train with the boys from the river," he continued, consulting certain telegrams, "is six hours behind us, and the Union Pacific has started a train with regulars from Omaha. Others from Kansas are coming by way of Fremont. There'll be soldiers enough by tomorrow, but—God help us through today!"

"Who are these who boarded us here?" asked the lieutenant.

"Some of our fellows—bridge guards, you know—in case—the other thing had to be done."

"The Lord be praised it didn't!" said Hunt plously. "If that bridge had been burned, there would have been no saving your special. We have men enough," he continued thoughtfully, "if we only had the right kind of leader."

The conductor glanced about him and nodded reassuringly to one or two who were anxiously eying him and his uniformed companion.

"Mr. Hunt," said he, drawing the officer to a corner of the swaying baggage car, "this is no time, is it, for discussing rights and wrongs? For awhile, at least, the strike's a dead issue. We've got to pull together. No good can come of stirring up—what's past and gone. I've wired ahead to have coffee ready for 200 men at the Buttes. It's a lunch station. We'll take the can right aboard and shove ahead. That'll cheer the men up a bit, won't it?"

"Sure to," said Hunt, wondering what might be coming.

"Then—if a little farther beyond that—we happen to find—just the right sort



Two men tumbled aboard.

of man to run this thing don't you think your fellows would take him and no questions asked—until the whole business can be settled later?"

"By Jove, you mean Langdon!" cried Hunt in hope and rejoicing.

"Sh-h! For goodness' sake, don't shout! He's ahead all right enough and safe and sound, but he's fighting mad over this business. Some of the boys weren't advised right, and it's—kind of awkward all round," ended the conductor guilelessly.

"I should say so in view of Betts' charging him with being Cresswell's assailant and then running away," answered Hunt.

"Well, we'll fix Betts all right. But you and your boys don't want to stir up trouble now, do you? Let's pull together, as I say. Once away from Castle Butte then comes the run to Rosebud. The road's clear. The Indians have all gone westward, but God help those poor fellows in that train till we get there!"

"Amen! Amen all round!" said Hunt. "The rides won't ask questions if that's what you want. Only give us Langdon."

And 40 minutes later, cheered and warmed by abundant hot coffee, the rifles peered from the windows at the whistle for brakes, and a shout went up that will nigh raised the roof. In the midst of a little group at the siding stood a pale faced, stern eyed man in the fatigue uniform of a first sergeant, and the rifles, yelling like mad, tumbled headlong in a surging throng from the train, swarming about him in eager, impulsive greeting. Without a word he grasped Hunt's outstretched hand, signaled to the conductor and broke away through the throng toward the hissing engine taking in water at the windmill tank up the track. "We haven't an instant to lose," were then his first words. "Get everybody aboard and join me forward as soon as you can," said he to Hunt, linked his arm in that of the conductor and rushed him up the roadside to the pilot.

Another 40 minutes and, the still smoking ruins of Rosebud Station left behind, the crowded train was speeding swiftly, yet cautiously, over the broad, open westward prairie. Except a few famished, homeless dogs howling mournfully about the scene not a living thing remained at the station, and only the ghastly relics of one human creature had been found in the brief, hurried, two minute search. Already it was known far as the Atlantic that the first stories of massacre were grievously exaggerated, many families reported murdered having made their way in panic but safely to Castle Butte and others escaping to the south. But not a word from any source had come as to the special, the last news by wire being that the Ogallalas were dancing and howling about their agency at Pine Ridge and dying on the scouts sent out from Robinson. The Brules could only be somewhere between Rosebud and Wounded Knee. Wherever that luckless train could be found there would be the Indians in direful force and fury. Grave, set faces were those in the cab and about the engine and tender. The road ran straight for miles. The landscape was open and treeless and lay like a lazily rolling ocean turned suddenly to earth and stone. Langdon and the conductor, clinging fast each to a stanchion, were under the headlight above the pilot. A sergeant and three men, best shots of the rifles, hampered the cab and tender, but the engineer felt safer in having them there, and the hope, pluck and spirits of the whole railroad had gone up at a bound in the consciousness that that cool headed, gritty ex-regular was at the front to take command. Hunt had brought his fieldglass, and despite the jar and jolt as the huge engine clanked along over the elastic roadbed Langdon searched the prairie ceaselessly while the conductor kept track of the milleposts.

"We twist and turn every which way five miles further on," shouted the latter into Langdon's ear. "That bluff ahead there marks the end of this tangent. Then we follow the creek a piece and then make a streak cross country at the big bend."

"Any deep cuts there?" shouted Langdon in reply, hanging to the iron bar with a hooked arm and still peering through the binocular.

"Four or five. Why?"

"That's where we'll find 'em. They'll run the train into a cut for protection, like the banks on both sides and stand off the Sioux till help comes if they can. Signal full speed to the engineer, will you? He can slow down again at the bend."

A moment more and the huge machine seemed rushing through space, and the two men at the pilot bent double and hung on for dear life. Five minutes brought them once more along the banks of the stream and close to the frowning bluffs. "Watch them!" signaled Langdon, pointing to the crests and leaning far out from the side of the engine, now reducing speed. The sergeant, clamping his campaign hat to his head, nodded, "I understand."

The bluffs were but the shoulder of a high ridge through which long centuries before the stream had torn its way. It fell like a curtain the spreading landscape beyond. It might be hiding hundreds of lurking warriors, but Langdon believed that though a few wary scouts would be thrown out to give warning of coming troops the main body of savages were clustered close about the beleaguered train. He had never before been brought into contact with mounted Indians, but had had long talks with comrades well schooled in border warfare and felt sure of his ground. From what he could gather he believed that several old Indian fighters from the westward stations must be on that train and reasoned that they would make their defensive stand where the cars could be sheltered and they themselves, the defenders, be partially covered by the sides of the cut. He was reasonably certain that they could there hold out for his coming.

And now as they sweep cautiously round the long curve at the foot of the bluff and see before them four miles ahead up the distant slope of the divide the jagged seam of spaded earth and the black shadows of the snow fence and realize that all that stretch of winding grade must be overcome before they can hope for sight of the besieged Langdon's heart throbs like the massive engine straining at its burden. "Hit her up again, Jimmy!" shouts the conductor, his hands forming a speaking tube. The fireman is thrusting coal by the shovelful into the seething furnace. Inky smoke jets from the stack and streams tailward over the train. "No bidding our coming, capt!" yells the conductor, with a backward and upward glance. Langdon shakes his head. "They've spotted us long before this," is the answer. Again the speed increases despite reverse curves that hug the bank like the convolutions of a snake. Jim is gathering headway for the climb. Tilting far toward the stream, the black demon in the lead, skims the shining concave of the rails under a low line of heights to the left, watched every inch of their length by the wary eyes of crouching sharpshooters in the tender. Then the steel roadway curves inward again and whirls them around a projecting nose of bluff, and still Jim's hand never winces at the throttle, and under almost full pressure the huge drivers tear at the track, the gleaming rods flash at racing speed, spinning like fire wheels, while in the swaying car behind men cling to seat arms or are hurled from side to side in the fury of the chase. Now comes a long mile of easy grades as the line leaves the narrow river and begins the climb of the distant crest, and, like a black meteor, the Big Horn's powerful Baldwin shoots across the straining trestle over a shallow ravine and spins away in headlong dash, a dense volume of inky smoke and blinding dust whirling and billowing in its wake. Now the snow fence to the north shuts out the landscape on the right flank. Now through low waves of prairie the pilot tears away.

Now into the dark mouth of half a mile of snowsheds darts the engine, and the earth an instant later has swallowed up the train. Easy would it have been for savage skill to strip a few rails from the ties and hurl the human load to death, but not a Brule dreamed of such a thing as "store soldiers" coming to dare them, with the regulars a full week's march away. Wide open now, the throttle releases every pound of steam, and all the strength of the mammoth tugs at the lagging load, for the long grade begins at last to tell, and despite all that man and steam and fire can do the dead weight trailing sternward overcomes the impetus of the initial dash, slows down to less than half speed, but still panting furiously the engine struggles on. One mile more, and the crest is gained, and then a new leap. One minute more, and from the bowels of the earth the Baldwin bursts forth into glad sunshine, and, peering instantly about him, sweeping the open slopes with eager eyes, Eric catches sight of a swift, streaming feather skimming the crest to the south and shooting out of sight in the flash of a second. A war bonnet capping the painted head of a savage scout! The Brules had got the alarm! "Back to the cab!" shouts the conductor. But Langdon motions, "Stay."

The grounds break away in a little swale or hollow to the right front, where the prairie begins its slope toward the far concave bend of the river, and over this rift there bursts upon their straining gaze a sight never to be forgotten. Away to the front there rises a billowy butte perhaps two miles distant, about one-half probably of its southward slope just visible, and that slope is thickly sprinkled with darting, dashing red riders in wild commotion. There are the Sioux in all their savage glory. There, close at hand, must be the beleaguered train. Here, closer at hand, just behind the low curtain in front, must lurk the Brule scouts. Look! A flash, a puff at the very crest, not 400 yards away now, so determined has been the Baldwin's onward rush. Look! Another! And now there is not a second to lose. The Sioux have seen and opened fire. A shriek goes up from the brazen throat. The airbrakes grip the wheels. The long train slows so suddenly that men are hurled forward in every car.

"Lie low," you in cab and tender!" yells Langdon as the conductor, ducking, scrambles to the shelter of the cab. Flash after flash, puff after puff, the ridge line blazes. Spat comes a bullet on the iron breast behind him as Langdon leaps from the pilot to the sloping ground and sprints back along the side of the train just coming to a standstill. "This way! This side, Company G!" he yells, waving his cap on high, his eyes flashing, his voice thrilling through the rare, exhilarating atmosphere. "Spread out! Open out—five yards apart! Forward—fast as you can! We've got to have that ridge before they can line on it. Come on! Come on!"

It is only a rush of a few hundred feet now. The eastward scouts of the hostiles are but a handful. The braves are closing in on every side about the weary defenders on the farther slopes. The glut for blood and captive has blinded the eyes of old Stabber, their fiery chief. The frantic signals of his scouts have been ignored in the fury of their assault, in the faith that all resistance will be over in another moment, and then, at the head of his wild warriors, he can dash in upon them in furious charge, and the train, with its helpless women, its beaten, beseeching men, its screaming children making sweet music for his savage ears, will be the prey and spoil of the Brule. In the din and crash of battle he never heeds the backward rush of the few warriors at the crest. He thinks them joining in the charge till White Wolf, his son, topples headlong from his pony, gasping warning with his last breath, till, yelling with mingled fury and dismay, a dozen braves bear down upon him at mad gallop and sweep him away to the safety of the west, for there, striding down the prairie slope, spreading out to right and left, comes the long, blue line of hated soldiery backed up by scores of fighting men all with crackling rifles. Here and there in little groups his warriors fire wildly in reply, but the defense, too, has again taken heart and, with exultant cheers, is pouring in a hot fusillade. A dozen ponies are sprawled in death agony upon the sward. Half a dozen gaudy braves are stricken, some even unto death. There is nothing for it but to scoop up the dead and dying brethren and then to dash away for council at safe distance. And five minutes later, laughing, weeping, cheering, handshaking and embracing, 500 men are mingled in joy and triumph about the bullet riddled train. Women and children are sobbing in the arms of loved ones, and scores of quivering lips are pouring praise and blessing on the name of Eric Langdon and eager voices shouting and clamoring for him to show himself and then hushing almost to silence in awe, dismay and wild anxiety. The last seen of him he was leaping along the railway far in front of his line, waving and cheering them on. Had he, too, been snatched up in the smoke and dust and swept away by the Indian band? He had utterly disappeared. He could nowhere be found.

CHAPTER XV.

In the valley of the south Cheyenne and close to the rugged cliffs of the Black Hills a summer camp had been pitched, and nearly a thousand troops were under canvas. After four months of bitter weather and experiences guarding thousands of morose, sullen savages, cowed into subjection after their fiery outbreak, old "Cat" and his troopers were reveling in the poetry of soldiers' life in the field, and Melville, with two of the batteries, was keeping them company. They were far enough from the agencies to be free from daily contact with begging, bothersome Indians and near enough to the railway to have daily supplies from the east. Mrs. Cat had taken a notion that she should of all things enjoy a summer under canvas, and even the assurance that it meant ruin to the complexion did not deter certain regimental beauties from following her example. "Cat" would have said no at the outset had he seen what it might lead to, but he didn't, and if he had would probably have been overruled. Mrs. Cat being a woman of much mettle in all matters of domestic economy. She came, had an extra hospital tent pitched and established her little court. Several experienced cavalry women speedily followed and were soon snugly and happily bestowed in camp, the tents of the married officers being set at the northwest end of the mesa, close under the bold pine bluffs, and in June, when it was fully determined that the summer should be spent there by the field command, Melville took a week's leave, a run to Pawnee, and returned with Mrs. Melville, Miss Grahame and the children, a proceeding that gave much joy to Messrs. Woodrow and Santley of the gunners and to Captain Channing and certain other cavalry bachelors, for Ethel Grahame had won the honest admiration of all the men she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Australian Vigilantes.

The chance of adventure in the pursuit of one's hobby has its attractions as well as its disadvantages. Especially is this the case in foreign and thickly populated places. A really exciting adventure recently befell an ardent and accomplished naturalist, whose biological researches are a distinction to the naval service. This officer set out recently from N. S. W. to Bulli, to hunt bugs and flies in the mountains. Plunging into the wilds he prospected for some hours among fallen trees and dead timber, and other preserves of his attractive game, and was making his solitary way through the bush when he found he was being stalked. Bearded men popped up at intervals and slinking figures hid themselves wherever he turned. Weird hoots and cries seemed to centre on the naturalist and as he was far from home or roads and the bushranger is not quite extinct he made tracks for a healthier clime. Presently he found the pursuit was real and undisguised. A party of eight or ten men closed in upon him and called to him to "stand." It certainly looked like bushranging, and though as a naturalist, he scorned to fly, as a fleet engineer he felt that the navy had first claim on his services. And so, being called upon to "stand" he bolted. The ground was very rough, and the officer was not so fine in his lines as is desirable for cross country work at speed. Nevertheless he made a good hare for a burst of three minutes and wandoling a fair nine miles an hour when misfortune overthrew him and he was captured. Questioned as to his occupation, identity and recent movements, he was somewhat relieved to see that his captors were more curious about him than ferocious. Still, they insisted on his company in search of "a gentleman who'll soon put you through." The precise status of the gentleman and the process suggested were of urgent interest to the captive, but he was obliged to comply. And in due time beguiled by rough Australian chaff, they came upon a road and a man in waiting with a cart. This man eyed the captain curiously, and snorted with contempt at the bottle of dead flies, which was all the plunder the brigands had discovered. Their chief had yet to be consulted, and he, on joining them, gazed upon the party with a comforting smile, and admitted that a mistake had been made. It appeared that the news of the escape of a lunatic having been received by the police, notice had been sent to outlying huts and others in lonely places to keep a look-out for a likely person. Our naturalist appeared to fill the role, and his eccentric proceedings were promptly reported. The police called for volunteers, and all the idlers of Bulli gladly joined in the chase. Naturally they were much cast down at the result of their expedition, and a few unbelievers insisted on "keeping an eye on the lunatic" until he took the train for Sydney.—Naval and Military Record.

Conceded It.

Having used the word "kick" in its slang sense, little Clarence was taken to task by his mother.

"You shouldn't say that word," said she.

"That's true, mamma, I shouldn't," frankly responded the little fellow. "It's more up to date to say 'knock.'"

An old Maryland colored man was summoned to court by the controversy over the ownership of a mule.

"Who bought the mule?" demanded the judge.

"Clem Smif en Ah each bought half ob him, sah," responded the old man.

"Where is Smith now?"

"He ain't nebber cum down yit, sah. He went to curry his half when his half was in a bad humor. Now Clem's chillun wants to get deh fatheh's half away from my half, and den half am des half—"

"Stop!" roared the judge. "Dismiss the case."—Chicago News.

"Yes," said the old conductor, "I have followed the railroad about all my life. I wasn't exactly born on a train, but I was married on one at the rate of 45 miles an hour."

"That was a good deal like marrying in haste."

"It was. And we got tired of each other while we were making the return trip on a freight train."

"That was a good deal like repenting at leisure."—Chicago Tribune.

Kate. So you are going to have an automobile coat? Are you fond of the horseless carriage?

Carrie. Fond of it, I guess not. I wouldn't trust myself in one for all the money there is in the world.

Kate. Then what do you want an automobile coat for?

Carrie. What did I ever want a yachting suit for, or a golf suit, I'd like to know? Kate, I really believe you are getting dopy.—Boston Transcript.

Mamma. Since Susie invited you in to share her birthday cake last Saturday, you may ask her in to-morrow and I'll make you a cake.

Elsie. Oh, won't you make some candy instead?

Mamma. Would you rather have candy?

Elsie. Yes'm. Susie can never eat much candy.—Philadelphia Press.

At the monthly conclave of a certain rural council it was decided that an honorarium be awarded to the secretary, whose fidelity had won the esteem of all. One worthy but illiterate member, however, put an amendment as follows: "Gentlemen, our faithful secretary really don't need sich a thing. If we give 'im a honorarium he couldn't play it. I propose we give him some money instead."—Tit-Bits.

"No," said the stranger handing back the volume he had asked permission to inspect. "I don't want to buy. Its just like the other dictionaries, and I've looked at all of them now. There ain't one in the lot that gives the right pronunciation of exquizzit."—Chicago Tribune.

Aunt Geehaw. Is everythin' in our nephy's flat in Noo York up tew date' Joshuay?

Uncle Geehaw. Tew allfired up tew date. He's got some rockerless rockin' chears that I got my fingers pinched in four times.

Rector. Remember, my young friend, there are things in life better than money.

Young friend. Yes, I know that; but it takes money to buy them.—Tit-Bits.

"Do you mean to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?"

Gas Collector. I will enter into no controversy, sir; but I may say that the meter measures the amount of gas you will have to pay for.—Tit-Bits.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

knew, Channing and Santley especially.

Nathan's battery was with the command, but Nathan was not. The doctors had declared a summer at the seashore indispensable in the case of Mrs. Nathan, and the captain applied for three months' leave. He and his guns had not been exposed to any extent during the brief and bloody campaign that followed the outbreak of the Sioux, but Melville and "Cat" seemed to think the battery could spare him. It left Torrance in command, a far better soldier, despite his snobbish qualities. And, though the department commander made a wry face and the division general sniffed suggestively as he tossed the application to his chief of staff, the leave was granted. The summer opened gloriously. Squadron and battery drills went on each morning in splendid shape on the broad, level flats adjacent to the stream, and shooting, fishing and picnic parties were of frequent occurrence in the hills. "Cat" entertained prominent western statesmen and railway officials once or twice in June and was not always happy in so doing, for more than once or twice they touched on dangerous ground, and if there was a topic on which "Cat" was touchy now it was that of Eric Langdon—Langdon, whom he had practically kicked out of Kansas City only to see him become a hero in Nebraska.

In one sense the year had done its best for Langdon. He had become the idol of a large class of the population; but that, unless a man have political aspirations, is not of intrinsic or practical value and, furthermore, is rarely of long duration. The populace needs new sensations. Shot through the leg in the dash to the rescue of the train, he had finally fainted from loss of blood while rescued and rescuers were embracing and shouting and was found unconscious and well nigh dead lying in a ravine full quarter of a mile up the track, beyond the train, to which point he seemed to have followed, fighting, as though to assure himself the Indians contemplated no return attack. Frontier surgery is expert in gunshot wounds, it having little else to deal with, and rude appliances kept body and soul together until the coming of experts with the troop train from Omaha.

Later, while the soldiery went on to round up the renegade Indians, Langdon was taken back to Brentwood and nursed and coddled for long weeks. The regulars came in time for a stiff winter fight with the Sioux, but the ranch and railway people would hear of only one hero, Eric Langdon. The new manager of the Big Horn called to see him and thank him in the name of the road. The road was full of a scheme to have him legislated back into the army, and a bill to that effect was actually introduced. Langdon said it was time wasted, but Nebraska senators and representatives were confident. It was at least a good thing to push along, as it would keep him from turning up as a possible congressional candidate himself. Sitting about the campfires on long winter evenings and reading the local papers, there was no end of chaff and fun among the regulars over that possibility. The train and station hands all along the Big Horn and Seattle, both, seemed to have forgotten their grievance of the year gone by and would shout for Langdon at the faintest mention of his name. Two papers, "disgruntled," to use their own English, with their representative and to bother him probably as much as to boom Langdon openly advocated placing Eric in nomination, whereat Rodney May and Woodrow chuckled with joy as Channing drawled out an inquiry of Nathan, "How would it do to have Langdon on the house military committee, for instance?" whereat Nathan scowled, but said naught that was audible.

There was a man, not in the army, who took the possibility more seriously, and that was Langdon's friend and benefactor, Cresswell, who, as had been said, had aspirations of his own. There is little doubt that had an election been possible that winter and the ex-officer a candidate Langdon would have stood quite a chance. But by the time he was hobbling about on crutches, in March, the furore had subsided. Cresswell, a southerner, still raged in his heart over the assault of which he had been the victim. It was not the physical suffering, but the indignity, that rankled, and he had not ceased his efforts through detectives to ferret out the guilty parties, but with little luck. Certain men once prominent among the railway hands had left the state, but no one knew just why or whither.

Langdon, on the contrary, had apparently lived down his wrath. "Fighting mad," as the coroner declared to Lieutenant Lisle, he certainly was until the peril that menaced the settlers and involved the trainload of helpless people dwarfed all personal consideration and turned his powers to their account. His story of the abduction was very brief and straight. Returning from the armory, he had let himself in at the front door of the office, closed it after him and almost instantly felt himself grappled by powerful arms. Gruff voices warned him that a sound meant death when sound was impossible, for a huge, coarse hand was over his mouth, to be replaced in an instant by a chloroformed sponge and silken handkerchief. When consciousness returned, he was in a wagon, blindfolded, bound and gagged, then was hoisted into an empty freight car and trundled miles away through the night. His gag was removed as soon as the train went on, and he was given water, was assured that no harm was intended—"the boys" thought he'd better take a little trip up the country while business was dull in Brentwood, and they made him comfortable with blankets and pillows despite the jolting of the clumsy car. At dawn he was taken from the train and driven miles across country in another wagon to a ranch where people treated him with every care and kindness, but he was kept under lock and key until the night of the 30th, when there were sounds of weeping and dismay in an adjoining room, and he learned that there was a terrible raid by the Sioux "up the road." And then, fast as horses could bring them, came three railway men—not his abductors, for two of these were men he had known in the Brentwood yards, and the voices were different. They told him of the dreadful deeds at Rosebud and the plight of the train; told him the troops were coming, that the strike was done and that all matters connected with it and damages of every kind were to be settled later. The question was would he resume duty at once with his company and head them to the rescue, leaving everything else to be settled later, if they would take him to the railway. He accepted instantly—there was nothing else to do—and the whole country knew the rest.

Since then the strike seemed to be a dropped matter. The men would not renew nor the officials reopen it, both sides being content to ignore it, the officials claiming that the hands had sufficiently punished themselves and the hands professing to believe that the road was preparing to accord them the terms demanded. To the wrath of Cresswell and doubtless of other lawyers averse to all settlements out of court no proceedings were instituted. The road dealt liberally with the families of employees who had suffered by the Sioux outbreak and had sent Langdon to the best hospital in the state to be most skillfully and tenderly cared for. There he pursued his studies in the days of his convalescence and by March was once again at Brentwood, occupying his old room over Cresswell's office and supervising from a seat twice a week the drill of the rifles, now at last in full command, for the governor signed that commission before ever the rifles got back from the scene of their glory. Eric was Captain Langdon now and no mistake.

Mr. Burleigh stopped to see him the week he hobbled out on crutches and said that the road had decided to send Betts elsewhere and to tender Langdon his old place. Langdon said he had no objections to their sending Betts to Halifax if they wished, but declined the position.

"You still resent their firing you on account of that safe business, I suppose," said Burleigh in his attractive western way.

"I resent their treatment of me at that time on every account," was the answer. "You well know that others than I had the combination, yet they were retained and one of them promoted."

Burleigh winced. Of course he knew it, but Betts was close to the management by marriage and his son a pet of the connecting link. It was their story and that of the station master at Gunnison that hardened the hearts of the management against Langdon. Now he would not return to their employ. He stuck manfully to his studies in Cresswell's office, was able to pitch his crutch down cellar in April and to drill his men in the public square under the gleam of the electric lights during the bright evenings in May, was at the depot to see Melville and the family the lovely June morning when they went through en route to the hills, and a week later was surprised by a letter from the major begging that he should come up for a visit, a week's rest, fishing and camping.

There were several reasons why Langdon disliked to go. First, there was "Cat," the cavalry colonel who had brought him to trial at Pawnee. "Cat" would be glad to see him, wrote Melville, but would Langdon be glad to see "Cat?" No! Langdon knew he would not. Melville didn't tell the particulars of his conference with "Cat," without whose full knowledge and consent of course he would not ask Langdon to be his guest, and "Cat" did not tell Melville the real reasons of his assent. But the way in which his civilian guests spoke of Langdon had set the colonel to thinking. It had not previously occurred to him that just as certificates of long and faithful service in the army are of little aid in the rush for civil employment, so is army condemnation of little harm when a man displays the traits the people want. Mr. Burleigh lacked finesse and tact. He was coarse, but farsighted, and he told "Cat" that the road would have given Langdon a good salary to buy him back, but he would not be bought. "That fellow will be in congress first thing they know, and he won't be led by the nose." "Cat" still had an eye on that longed for star, and suppose now that Langdon should get there and be assigned to the military committee, just how much help could "Cat" look for at his hands?

"Tell Melville to invite him by all means," said Mrs. Cat. But "Cat" demurred. Why had Langdon left Sheridan so mysteriously? Why had the Big Horn discharged him if they had not good reason to connect him with the robbery of the safe? Melville, with his grave, courteous smile, promptly disposed of the first. It was to spare Nelson a possible breach with the post commander. Sharpe felt that he ought not to allow Langdon to remain at the post one day after he was able to move, first, because of the bad blood between him and Armistead; second, because of his anomalous position as a dismissed officer. But Sharpe knew Nelson was impetuous of speech and intolerant of interference. He liked him well and thought for him and so chose a time when Nelson had to be at stables to send his adjutant to Langdon to break to him, diplomatically as possible, his desire, and Langdon left between two bugle calls, hurt and heartsick, but convinced that the step was due to Nelson, if not to Sharpe. When fairly away from Chicago and beyond reach of Nelson's reproaches or expostulations, Langdon had written and given good reasons for his action on that count at least. The Armistead affair was something that would have to be left for time to settle. It might crop out any moment in the future.

On the other matter, the safe robbery, "Cat" owned to himself with shame that he had trumped it up as an objection even when he disbelieved its truth, for Melville's clear eyes had fathomed his soul when the major calmly asked, "You surely do not believe Langdon a party to that, do you?"

"Oh—no, no, certainly I don't! Oh, well, ask him by all means, if you like. I—I—I merely suggest these as matters—others might desire explained. Then—there's Torrance. Now, how do you expect them to meet?"

"They are not apt to meet at all. Mr. Torrance, you know, has not been welcome at my quarters since that occurrence," was Melville's quiet reply, and, much to Torrance's chagrin, such was the case. He had been living with the bachelors' mess during the campaign and here in camp. Mrs. Torrance having taken that opportunity to go east, visit her kindred and replenish her wardrobe. He had partially re-established himself in the batteries by soldierly conduct in the campaign and during the mob days, but he knew Melville's household had heard all about the language which led to Langdon's assault, and how could that be condoned? He was a sorely unhappy man that summer, and May and Woodrow said it served him right.

There was another reason why Langdon didn't care to leave Brentwood just then. Cresswell was a relentless hater. He was still trying to ferret out his assailant or assailants, and he had never ceased his shadowing of Betts and his aspiring son. Cresswell worked in secrecy, binding Langdon to silence. He had been most helpful and liberal to Langdon in every way, even when he dreaded his looming up as a competitor for congress. He was fairly well to do and could easily have been richer but for the southern temperament which made him as open handed as he was open hearted. He insisted on advancing Langdon money to meet the claims that would not wait and begged him to accept more that he might dress and live like a gentleman. He meant Langdon to grow into the increasing business and care for it and preserve it, leaving him, Cresswell, free to pursue his political path. But Langdon was obdurate. The rifles had presented their new captain with his entire outfit of uniform and equipment on his return to duty. Boniface "gave him a rate" at his hospitable board that even Langdon half resented as not being equitable, but Boniface swore Langdon was worth more than his board; "he drew custom."

Langdon's law studies were going on uninterruptedly and well. He could reasonably expect to stand all legitimate quizzing and be called to the bar within another twelvemonth provided there were no distractions. He did not allow the will-o'-the-wisp of possible reinstatement to draw him from incessant study. What was the use of going back to the army, anyhow? He could never settle those outstanding debts and keep up the proper appearance on the pay of a lieutenant. The path to competence and freedom lay in civil life. He could far better repay the nation for his West Point education by assiduous drill and instruction of the state soldiery than by pottering about another ten years as a file closer. To return to the regiment was only to place himself once more where such narrow minds as "Cat" and such vicious souls as Nathan could slight or sting him. To remain in civil life would soon place him, should he see fit to enter politics, where, if he were mean enough, he could slight or sting them.

"You are better off today than you have been since the day of your graduation," said Cresswell. "You are independent." He would have said even more but that he feared to wound. What he thought was: "Thank God for two things, my lad—you've neither wife nor child to hamper you! The married man is never free."

"Langdon," said Cresswell, coming into the office one bright June morning, "I want you to knock off for a few days and take a run with me to Lincoln and Omaha. There are people you ought to meet. Why, surely you can leave the rifles that long, can't you?" he continued, noting instantly the demur in Langdon's face.

"Yes. In fact, I have begun to think of leaving them a whole week. Read that." And Langdon placed Melville's letter in the lawyer's hands and then rose and walked to the window.

"H'm," mused Cresswell a moment later as he thoughtfully replaced the missive in its envelope. "I might have seen Eric coming the day that girl's face peered from the car window last week." Then, aloud, said he, "Eric, you keep away from that camp unless you're counting further trouble," and abruptly left the room.

Yet Eric went, and possibly courted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A French Girl's Dream of Love.

Avril sat in her room on the bed with a paper clasped between her fingers. It was a bad verse addressed to her beauty.

She sat staring.

"Mon Dieu! He—loves me!" she whispered. "He loves me! Ah, droll! And I am 17!" she murmured, with a tone of pride in her victory.

"What a flirt I am!" she said again, thinking over the last few days." He said that he had something to tell me—to-morrow—at Saint Cloud!"

She began to smile. The smile became a laugh.

"You know what it is—why not?" she exclaimed. "Eh bien! I will listen. And then to be Madame! The droilest object in my establishment will be my husband!"—R. V. Risley in "New" Lippincott.

Edith. Forgive me, Bertha, but your husband plays the flute atrociously.

Bertha—I know, dear; but what can I do? He used to serenade me with that flute. If I tell him now that he is no player he will think my love is growing cold.—Boston Advertiser.

Margaret. Matrimony is not all that it is cracked up to be.

Edith. How can you say such things, Margaret? Why, there is Carrie Wintergreen. She was married only a year ago, and now she is divorced with such a lovely alimony!—Boston Transcript.

"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

"Yes; that's the very way I did catch him."

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, December 14, 1901.

Since avowed anarchists are the enemies of all government, they should not be invested with citizenship in the United States nor permitted to land in this country.

The Cubans who want full free trade with this country without annexation evidently suppose that the generosity of Uncle Sam toward the Island is not only inexhaustible, but amounts to a fatuity. They are destined to be disappointed.

The decisions of the Supreme Court in the insular cases boiled down mean that the Philippines and Porto Rico are domestic territory, but that the people are not full-fledged American citizens until Congress decides to make them such.

A contemporary states that the value of the Danish West Indies is "only strategic." That phrase may mean indispensable. We need the Danish Islands in the business of building and owning the Nicaragua canal. And there are other reasons.

In the make up of the committees of the National House of Representatives, Mr. Capron of this state is on the committees on Banking and Currency and on Military Affairs. Mr. Bull is chairman of Committee on Accounts and on Committee on Naval Affairs.

The third assistant postmaster general states that the loss on second-class mail matter is nearly equal to the sum appropriated to support the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the government. That leak should be stopped, firmly and promptly.

Another South American war is looming up. Chili and Argentina are scowling at one another and apparently getting ready to shoot. Argentina claims to have nearly all the rest of South America behind her. At least she depends upon Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru and Bolivia.

President Roosevelt wrote one sentence into his message that has caught the country. It was this: "The American people are slow to wrath, but when their wrath is once kindled, it burns like a consuming flame." This has a familiar sound about it, but, nevertheless, it is a truth, well and eloquently stated.

Boston had a tidal wave on Tuesday which swept Mayor Hart and most of the Republicans out of office. Gen. P. A. Collins, the Democratic candidate for mayor, was elected by about 18,000 majority. All the Aldermen are Democratic but three. The Common Council is Democratic by a large majority. The other cities in the State voted about the same as they have heretofore.

The Columbus, Ga., Ledger says: A Ledger reporter was today given a copy of the Newport, R. I., MERCURY, the first and oldest newspaper in America. The MERCURY was established by Benjamin Franklin in 1758, and although weary with age as to years, it is one of the brightest and newsiest sheets on the list. It is 144 years old, but it is the youngest looking paper for its age seen lately. Long life to the MERCURY.

We appreciate the kind wishes of the Ledger, although its history is a trifle mixed. The MERCURY was not the first newspaper published in America but all those previously established have long since passed away. The MERCURY was founded by James Franklin, a nephew of Benjamin.

An example of how the blanket ballot fails to subserve popular government is furnished in New York city, says a New York paper. At the recent election 3,000 ballots were invalidated by actual and literal "scratching" of the names of Van Wyck, Fromme or Unger. This was done in spite of repeated warning not to make any marks other than the cross by the names of candidates it was desired to vote for. Thus 3,000 votes that might have been counted for fusion and clean government were simply thrown into the waste basket. And yet the N. Y. ballot is simplicity itself compared with the combines system in vogue in this city. In New York one mark votes the entire ticket. If three thousand men are disfranchised in trying to vote such a ballot, how many would our so-called Australian system knock out under similar circumstances?

An Oklahoma admission bill was one of the first measures introduced at the opening of Congress. This is one of the evidences, of which there are many, that the admission movement is popular. In the bill introduced there is a stipulation that the Indian Territory shall be annexed to Oklahoma as soon as the lands now held by the Indians become taxable, providing Congress favors annexation. The plan to unite the two territories has strength. Undoubtedly Congress will take kindly to this plan. A single state for the two territories would make a big commonwealth, and would not be open to the opposition which was brought against some of the other states at their entrance. The Oklahoma admission bill ought to attract strong support. It is now believed that the bill will soon be reported favorably and that on next Fourth of July another Star will be added to the United States flag.

National Prosperity.

The annual reports of the various financial officers of the government show that this country is in a very prosperous condition. The government receipts have for a long time exceeded the expenditures, until now there is the largest surplus in the treasury that the nation ever had. But the decrease of interest on the national debt shows more clearly than anything else that Uncle Sam is rapidly reducing his indebtedness. Today the interest is much less than before the war with Spain and represents a highly important saving. On April 1, 1898, the annual interest charge was $31,387,377, and on November 15, 1901, it was $28,471,223, a reduction of $3,916,149. This is a continuous saving, year after year, and a remarkable financial achievement, especially as it has closely followed a costly war. The annual saving much more than covers the prospective interest charge on the construction of the Nicaragua canal at an estimated maximum cost of $200,000,000. Two per cent. interest on that amount would be $1,000,000, and with this sum added the total annual interest charge would be nearly $2,000,000 less than before the recent war.

The unprecedented credit of the United States, of course, enters into this computation. No other nation in the world is able to borrow money at 2 per cent. In referring to the reduction since 1898 of 16 per cent. in the interest charge Secretary Gage says: "The facts indicate a condition of unparalleled strength in the treasury, and go far to explain the superior credit of the United States, as measured and illustrated by price quotations in the world's financial markets." Another important point is the relative position of this country in the production of gold and silver. In the calendar year 1900 the yield in the United States was $79,171,000 gold and $35,741,140 silver, a total of $114,912,140. We produce nearly one-third of all the gold and silver produced in the world. This product is steadily increasing and constantly adds to the present volume of gold coin and gold bullion in the country, which is over $1,100,000,000 gold, while the stock of silver coin stands at $610,000,000. Our exports of gold exceed the imports, but, as this is becoming a creditor nation, the movement represents a solid increase in accumulated American wealth.

It is gratifying to note the extent to which the treasury report is a comprehensive summary of items of increase. The net increase of revenue over expenditures was $7,000,000 for the year, as compared with 1900. The estimated surplus for the present fiscal year is $100,000,000, which is an increase of one-third. Foreign exports increased $93,000,000, and the balance of trade increased. Foreign immigration increased. Our exports of domestic merchandise took the first place, exceeding those of Great Britain, the next in line, by $70,000,000. One thing suggested by these figures is the necessity of reducing taxation, and Secretary Gage recommends that the revenue be cut down $50,000,000 a year by the repeal of war taxes. Another point established by the report is that the government can proceed with the construction of the Nicaragua canal without any fear that work on the great enterprise will be a serious drain upon the national finances or a perceptible burden to taxpayers.

The Stone Bridge Matter.

The Stone Bridge matter crops up periodically for discussion. Now, the Governor having appointed three Commissioners to consider what shall be done with it, they will hear everybody who has anything to say on the subject today at the town hall in Tiverton and Monday at the State House in Newport. The people of this county have a vital interest in these hearings and they should appear in force to protest against anything being done that will saddle a heavy expense upon these towns. This bridge is in reality an interstate structure. The people of Fall River and those that trade with that city use it more than any other parties. The people of Newport have very little use for the bridge. In the matter of travel they never use it except for pleasure travel. And in the matter of business it is the means of carrying more trade away from Newport than it brings here. Last winter a bill passed the House of the State legislature appropriating $100,000 toward the repairs required, but the bill was hung up in the Senate. This winter another attempt will be made to do something, and our people should be on the alert to see that that something is not made a tax on this county to build and maintain a structure that other parties have a greater interest in than have any or all of the towns and the city in the county together.

Hotel for Cape Cod.

A new summer hotel on Cape Cod.

That is the result of negotiations that have been pending for some time between certain parties and the Silver Beach Land Company, and the question was settled at a meeting of the land company held in Brockton on Monday evening. The papers have been signed, all arrangements for the location and construction of the hotel have been made, and it is to be ready for occupancy on June 1 next.

The hotel is to be constructed by D. E. Robinson of Mansfield and Horace G. Gifford of Eastondale. It is to be a three-story structure, with 80 sleeping rooms, and its equipment throughout is to be of the most modern and approved style. Wide 15-foot piazzas are to surround the hotel, and the location is to be on one of the highest and most sightly points along Silver Beach. The location, as described by the company, comprises a block of 12 lots, bounded by Pleasant, Arlington street, Crystal avenue and Wild Harbor avenue, and the total amount of land set apart for the hotel comprises a tract 190 by 330 feet.

Our Gold Production.

Some time ago Professor Shaler, the Harvard geologist, divulged in one of his classroom lectures certain prognostications of an increased supply of gold. They seemed, to one of his pupils, to be good enough to sell, and the newspapers printed them the following morning, not a little to Dr. Shaler's disgust. In the November number of the International Monthly he has disclosed more to his own satisfaction his views about gold production. He estimates that on account of improved machinery and processes it costs now only about a third as much to get gold out of lodes and veins as it did in 1850. This cheapening of production makes it profitable to work pretty poor veins, and he guesses that within twenty years that source alone may yield five hundred million a year, says E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly. But the chief gain is to come from placer mining, which means getting the gold out of accumulations of detritus made by the decay of gold-bearing rocks. The use of dredges in handling pay dirt of this sort, and the cheapening of other processes, have made so much difference that Dr. Shaler thinks that within twenty years this sort of mining alone is likely to yield as much gold as all the mines yield now.

Acquittal of Captain Tilley.

The news that the Naval Court in Samoa has acquitted Capt. B. F. Tilley will not surprise his friends in Maryland and elsewhere in this country, says the Baltimore Sun. The surprise came when the charges were preferred. Certain persons in the far-off island where Capt. Tilley was on duty made formal accusation against the naval officer of misgovernment of the island over which he had command, of drunkenness and other immoral conduct. The Government at once dispatched a warship with a number of naval officers to hold a court and investigate the charges. This court was composed of men of high rank and exalted character. The charge of misgovernment was, it was said, abandoned and was dismissed by the court the first day. Of the trial upon the other charges the full details have not been received, but it appears that the court found them trivial and unsupported by evidence. The bringing of these charges against Captain Tilley caused the Government to expend a large sum of money in the investigation. But this was a small part of the damage done by the violation of that clause of the Decalogue which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It worked grave injustice to the accused and caused the keenest pain and mortification to his family and friends at home.

Weather Bulletin.

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CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14:—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent December 16 to 20, warm wave 15 to 19, cool wave 18 to 22.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about December 21, cross west of Rockies by close of 22, great central valleys 23 to 25, eastern states 26.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about December 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about December 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28.

Temperature of the week ending December 16 will average above and rainfall below normal.

About date of this bulletin the weather will be generally cold, and a cold wave in upper Ohio valley, a moderately warm wave in Missouri valley and changing to cooler in eastern states.

The warmest part of December is near and two weeks of warm weather are immediately ahead of us. This will probably bring a thaw in the winter wheat section and will do the new crop no good. It will probably thaw out the ice in the lower lakes and south part of Lake Michigan and a renewal of lake navigations is not improbable. Winter grains will take on a new growth. If these thaws and freezes should continue through the winter it would place a doubt in reference to next year's crop of winter grain.

Jamestown.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of Conanicut Council, No. 1137, Royal Arcanum, Tuesday evening:

Regent—Charles T. Knowles.
Vice Regent—Percival Gibson.
Orator—Job W. Fell.
Past Regent—E. G. Littlefield.
Secretary—G. H. Carr.
Collector—Abbott Chandler.
Treasurer—Thomas D. Wright.
Guide—John A. Saunders.
Chaplain—E. G. Knowles.
Warden—A. R. Cory.
Sentry—Adolphus C. Knowles.
Trustee for three years—Alvin H. Peckham.
Representative to Grand Council—A. H. Peckham.
Alternate—E. E. Littlefield.

Captain and Mrs. John J. Lee are visiting Mrs. Lee's sister in Washington.

Town Clerk William F. Caswell is able to be out. He has been suffering from a sprained knee.

Steamer Beaver Tail was taken to the shipyard at Newport Tuesday morning for repairs.

Steamer Conanicut has been put on the line. She is in first class condition and is making good time.

Captain John McDonald has been entertaining Captain Robert King, of Providence.

Captain Adolphus C. Knowles has resumed his duties as pilot on steamer Warwick, after enjoying his annual vacation.

Deputy Sheriffs Gifford and DeBlois have served a notice on Town Treasurer Knowles, returnable December 28, for a suit brought against the town by Mr. and Mrs. Job W. Fell, for damages in the sum of $2,500 each, for injuries received while driving on the Dumpling last summer.

Barge John M. Wheeler has been lightened and towed to the City wharf.

Captain William Littlefield, of Block Island, is visiting his brother, Mr. N. S. Littlefield.

The Jamestown Athletic Club were greatly disappointed on Saturday of last week by the non-appearance of the Navies, with whom they were to play a football game.

Letter Carrier Childs has returned from his annual vacation.

Washington Matters.

The Final Session of Congress—Important Committees are Hard at Work—The Canal Commission is Doing a Little Diplomatic Work—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1901.

Since the first session of Congress, one week ago today, a large amount of work has been accomplished considering that this is the first session of a new Congress. No legislation of importance has been actually enacted but a gratifying number of preliminary details have been disposed of.

On Tuesday the President's message was read in both houses and met with the almost universal approval of the members, but two recommendations meeting with any opposition from the republicans. Those are Colonel Roosevelt's advocacy of the inauguration of a federal irrigation system and his advice on the subject of reciprocity which is not concurred in by some of the members of his party. As soon as the message had been read and referred to the Committee of the Whole by the House, that body adjourned until Friday.

Before adjournment however a large number of bills were filed with the clerk, the total number aggregating over two thousand. Among the bills which have been introduced are measures providing for Chinese Exclusion, the enforcement of the Dingley tariff schedules in the Philippines, (a measure made necessary by the setting aside of the present tariff law as applied to the Islands by a Supreme Court decision) numerous bills intended to suppress anarchy and punish attempts on the life of the President; a bill providing a pension of $5,000 per annum for Mrs. McKinley; a bill providing for the reservation of 4,000,000 acres of forest land in the Southern Appalachian mountains to be known as the McKinley National Park, and numerous bills intended to remedy the evils attendant upon the formation of trusts.

Probably the most important work in the House has been the nomination by Speaker Henderson of the Ways and Means Committe, the Appropriations Committee and the Committee on Enrolled Bills. The Ways and Means Committee is composed of Representatives Payne, Hopkins, Grosvenor, Russell, Steele, Tawney, M'Call, Long, Babcock, Metcalfe, (republicans) Richardson, Robertson, Swanson, M'Clellan, Newlands and Cooper, (democrats). This includes one more republican and one less democrat than formerly, Speaker Henderson believing that, in view of the increased majority in the House, the republicans were entitled to increased representations on this important committee.

Immediately after the appointment of the Committee it met in the Capitol to discuss the Philippine tariff situation and another meeting was held on Saturday. No time will be lost in reporting a bill which will meet with the approval of a majority of both the House and the Senate. It is the hope of Speaker Henderson and Chairman Payne that this necessary legislation may be enacted before the holiday adjournment. Senator Lodge introduced a bill into the Senate providing for the application of the schedules of the Dingley bill to the Philippines but, as all revenue legislation should originate in the House, it is probable that the Senator's bill will give way to that reported by the Ways and Means Committee.

On Wednesday the Senate received from the President the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The provisions of the treaty accorded with the predictions made in these letters. It calls for no compensation to Great Britain in return for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and leaves the United States the sole master of the canal with the right to fortify or otherwise protect it and requires the simple pledge that the canal shall be maintained as a neutral waterway. The convention was immediately referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations and Friday that committee unanimously voted to recommend it for ratification. Senator Burrows tells me that he believes the measure will receive the vote of every republican senator and a sufficient number of democratic votes to insure its passage. Senator Jones, the democratic leader, does not believe that there will be any formal opposition by the democratic senators.

The Isthmian Canal Commission favors the Nicaraguan route, the cost of which it estimates at $189,864,062. This canal will have to be provided with locks and will be without harbor facilities at either end. It is estimated that it can be completed in eight years and the total length would be 188 miles. The cost of completing the Panama canal is placed at $141,238,338 and the amount required to purchase the canal from the French company $109,141,000 although the Commission values the work done at only $40,000,000. In favor of the Panama route it may be said that it would be a sea level canal, only forty-nine miles long, that it has harbors at each end and that it would cost $1,300,000 per annum less to operate than the Nicaragua canal. The Commission unqualifiedly recommends the Nicaraguan route and Senator Morgan has already introduced his bill providing for its construction.

In view of the fact that at the expiration of fifty years the original cost of the Nicaraguan route, plus the increased cost of maintenance for that period, will have equalled the total cost of the Panama route if it were chosen and that subsequent to that time the United States would be relieved of an annual expense of $1,300,000; that vessels would find a harbor at either end of the canal and that the time consumed in traversing the Nicaraguan canal will amount to thirty-three hours as against twelve hours for the Panama canal, it would seem difficult to understand the grounds on which the Commission recommends the former route.

A further consideration should not be lost sight of however and that is that the French company holds out for a price approximately $70,000,000 in excess of the amount at which the Commission values the work done. In view of this fact a reasonable surmise is that the Commission and Congress intend to proceed with the preliminaries looking to the construction of the Nicaraguan canal with the hope that it may induce the French owners of the Panama route to listen to reason and accept the Commissions valuation of $40,000,000 on their plant. If they can be induced to do this the total cost of the canal would not exceed, assuming that the Commission's estimates are correct, $189,000,000 and an annual saving of $1,300,000 would have been effected.

Miss Charlotte Wilbur, assistant to Dr. Gillett, has gone to New York for the winter.

Miss Van Alen has sailed for Europe, to spend the winter with her father in England.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The investigation into the management of the city asylum is the chief topic of conversation about town. It would appear that the writers of the anonymous letters had no foundation for their charges of ill treatment of the inmates.

Mr. Walter S. Currin, of this city, has enlisted at the recruiting office at Providence for service in the United States Army and has been assigned to the infantry, having been sent to Fort Slocum, N. Y.

The Newport Board of Trade held their regular meeting in the MERCURY building Tuesday evening when the matter of establishing a credit rating was discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Rooney are visiting in New York.

Holiday Excursion Rates to the South.

The Southern Railway will sell tickets for Christmas holidays at one and one-third fare for the round trip between all points east of Mississippi and south of the Potomac River. For students of schools and colleges, round trip tickets will be on sale December 16 to 22, inclusive, with final limit January 3, 1902, and to the public generally, December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1901, and January 1, with final limit returning January 3, 1902. The Southern Railway operates six through trains daily from Washington to the South. Perfect Pullman and Dining Car service from New York to all the principal cities and resorts South. For further information call on or address, New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, or Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1901. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
11 Sat	7 16	4 31	8 p	0 31	10 00
12 Sun	7 17	4 31	9 10	1 6	10 40
13 Mon	7 18	4 31	10 18	11 05	11 42
14 Tues	7 18	4 34	11 17	11 56	
15 Wed	7 19	4 35	mo'n 12	34	12 56
19 Thurs	7 20	4 35	0 22	1 33	1 58
20 Fri	7 20	4 36	1 30	2 32	3 00

Last Quarter 2d day, 1h. 50m., evening W.
New Moon 10th day, 9h. 33m., evening.
First Quarter 18th day, 3h. 33m., evening.
Full Moon 24th day, 7h. 16m., morning W.

A. O'D. TAYLOR

Offers for sale the two farms on Holy Cross Road, a fifth of a mile of the West Main Road in Middletown, the property of the late Mr. John B. DeBlois; one is 21 acres, the so-called "Valley Farm"; the other is 21 acres also, and is known as the "Anthony Farm." The latter is the superior farm, has excellent dwelling and farm buildings. Prices on application. Can supply money on mortgage on either or both.

Office, 124 Bellevue avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., Catherine J., wife of Manuel Francis, aged 33 years.

In this city, 13th inst., Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Ann Walsh, aged 11 years.

December 8, Henry C., son of the late William G. and Elizabeth S. (Congdon) Chase, aged 51 years.

In Providence, 9th inst., Henry Taylor, in the 81st year of his age.

In this city, 7th inst., Sybil D., widow of Robert Thurston, aged 82 years.

In this city, 7th inst., Wealthy A., widow of Capt. John W. Downing, aged 83 years.

In this city, 7th inst., John Nelson Howard, son of Elizabeth Stuyvesant and the late Ezra Williams Howard, in the 44th year of his age.

In this city, 8th inst., Almira A., daughter of John G. and Mathilda P. Barker, aged 57 years.

In this city, 6th inst., Julia, widow of Patrick D. Sullivan, aged 58 years.

In Middletown, 12th inst., at his late residence Gypsum lane, William H. Bliss.

In Middletown, 7th inst., Edward Payson Chase, aged 83 years.

In Tiverton, 6th inst., Lydia E., widow of George H. Tripp, in her 57th year.

In Providence, 6th inst., Abby C., wife of George Cornell, 87; 11, Christopher Moore, 78; 10th, John Trott, 85; 10th, Jason S. Clemence, 84.

In Fall River, 8th inst., Walter C. Purfee, in his 50th year.

In Fall River, 8th inst., Reliance H., wife of the late William H. Brightman, aged 73 years, 2 months, 15 days.

Acreage Land For Sale Near Indian Avenue.

I have 18 acres of land, commencing at Green End Road and running northerly about ¾ of a mile. This is an excellent location for an ideal summer home, or could be used very profitably for farm purposes, it being in an elevated position, the view from here is very extended and very fine. I can offer this land for $4,500, and it is in close proximity to land held firm at $600 per acre, and is equally as good.

The John B. DeBlois Farm, on Gypsom Lane, comprising 41 acres of land and good farm buildings, I am also offering for sale. I am sole agent for both of the above places.

SIMEON HAZARD,
91 BROADWAY,
Telephone 358.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILLOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Portsmouth.

Portsmouth Grange met Thursday evening, Dec. 5, in Oakland hall, South Portsmouth, with 22 members present, the meeting being the annual one to elect officers, with the following results:

Master—B. Earl Anthony.
Overseer—William B. Anthony.
Lecturer—Miss Ella F. Coggeshall.
Secretary—Miss Clara Coggeshall.
Treasurer—Joshua Coggeshall.
Ceres—Mrs. Warren R. Sherman.
Pomona—Miss Phoebe Coggeshall.
Flora—Miss Emma Sherman.
Steward—Alton F. Coggeshall.
Gate Keeper—Herbert Cosse.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Orlana W. Anthony.
Assistant Steward—Joseph O. Anthony.
Chaplain—Josiah C. Gifford.

Mr. Edward M. Chase has retired from the firm of A. S. Dennis & Co.

Mr. William B. Anthony is having a cottage erected in Park avenue.

Mr. Christopher Barker, one of the oldest citizens of this town, met with a painful accident recently, by falling on the slippery ground and breaking a bone in his wrist.

The town council and court of probate met Monday afternoon in the Town Hall for the monthly session, the following business being transacted:

TOWN COUNCIL.—The following bills were ordered paid: William H. Butler, $6 for four weeks' assistance to outside poor; Charles H. Dyer, $22.50 for repairs on highway in district No. 4; Henry Anthony, $10 for services as moderator for two meetings, May 1 and Nov. 5; Lewis R. Manchester, $10 for painting stable and town hall; George E. Sisson, $138.74 for repairs on highway in district No. 2; William H. Butler, $10 for expenses allowed in connection with a burial; R. H. Manchester, $2.50 for council fees allowed for this session; Albertie S. Dennis was granted permission to move a building, provided he left the building lighted if left in the road over night and that he should assume all damages that may occur from moving said building; David R. Anthony was granted a license to run a pool table until November, 1902, license fee $10. The petition of Israel H. Oswell that Isaac L. Fish might be appointed prosecuting officer under the liquor law and police constable under the town ordinances was referred for further consideration. Charles G. Thomas was appointed a committee to see Mr. W. H. Tallman and ascertain whether or not Mr. Tallman is to accept the position of officer under the liquor law. Voted that W. F. Brayton be appointed as successor to Philip B. Chase to take charge of the Sisson burial fund.

PROBATE COURT.—Clara L. Taylor, Rowena Croucher, Mattie DeBlois and Mary B. Sherman presented their petition representing that Charles C. Slocum was a person of full age and unsound mind, unable to take care of his person and property and that George W. Sherman of Newport might be appointed guardian of said person. The same was referred to the next regular meeting of the council with an order of notice. The petition for administration on the estate of Isabella R. Tallman was taken up and referred to the next meeting.

William S. Brayton was appointed administrator on an estate in connection with the petition of Ella F. Chase, Edward C. Faulkner, W. H. Faulkner, C. W. Faulkner, F. G. Faulkner and George B. Faulkner, bond $2,000. A. C. Manchester surety; appraisers, Benjamin Tallman, Perry G. Randall and John L. Borden.

Isaac Chase was appointed auctioneer for the year ending November, 1902.

George A. Brown was authorized to solicit all licenses for dances, entertainments to be given at Oakland hall for year ending November, 1902, except any such license as might be needed for a masque ball. License fee $1.00 for each and every dance.

Election of Officers.

Charles E. Lawton Women's Relief Corps, No. 3.

President—Jane T. Lee.
Senior Vice President—Fanny Lawton.
Junior Vice President—Susan Simmons.
Chaplain—Mary J. Peene.
Treasurer—Margaret Hamilton.
Secretary—Sarah Gash.
Conductor—Phebe Scott.
Guard—Sarah McIntosh.
Assistant Conductor—Clara L. Lake.
Assistant Guard—Not appointed.
Color Bearers—Ellen M. Gash, Grace Ross, Alzada Sleeper, Viola Andrews.
Delegates to State Convention—Grace Ross, Susan Simmons, Ella Dunbar.
Alternates—Alzada Sleeper, Ellen Gash, Jennie Sisson.

Mrs. Hattie Ford was selected to serve as installing officer.

Mrs. Clara L. Lake has been appointed national aid to national president, Calista H. R. Jones.

Gen. G. K. Warren Post, No. 21, G. A. R.

Commander—Jere I. Greene.
Senior Vice Commander—Joseph P. Cotton.
Junior Vice Commander—Edward T. Bosworth.
Chaplain—James H. Barney.
Quartermaster—William S. Slocum.
Surgeon—A. F. Squire, M. D.
Officer of the Day—David M. Coggeshall.
Officer of the Guard—Daniel J. Moriarty.
Trustees—John Hare Powel, J. I. Greene, A. F. Squire, M. D.
Committee on Hall—J. I. Greene, J. P. Cotton, W. S. Slocum.
Relief Committee—Commander J. I. Greene, Senior Vice Commander J. P. Cotton, Junior Vice Commander E. T. Bosworth.
Auditing Committee—A. F. Squire, E. T. Bosworth.
Finance Committee—J. H. Chappell, Junior Vice E. T. Bosworth, A. F. Squire, M. D.
Entertainment Committee—J. H. Barney, W. S. Slocum, W. O. Milne.
Delegates to Department Encampment—A. F. Squire, M. D., J. P. Cotton. Alternates—Alex. Barney, S. H. Marden.

Powel Council, No. 65, Home Circle.

Leader—Robert H. McIntosh.
V. L.—Robert C. Ebbs.
Instructor—W. L. Anderson.
Past Leader—Stephen McCarthy.
Sec.—Frank P. King.
Financier—John W. McMahon.
Treasurer—John P. Peckham.
Guide—August Swenson.
Warden—Ralph Rogers.
Sentinel—Jessie B. Childs.
Medical Examiner—Dr. Alex C. Sanford.
Trustees—William A. Cottrell, Mr. Francis L. Boote and A. K. McMahon.

Newport Camp, No. 7677, Modern Woodmen of America.

Venerable Consul—Alexander E. Carr.
Worthy Advisor—Douglas P. A. Jacoby.
Banker—Neil McLennan.
Clerk—Charles S. Packer.
Escort—James W. Wilson.
Watchman—Jeremiah Dugnan.
Sentry—Robert C. Barry.
Managers—John Trainor, Allen Woodle.
Physicians—Henry Elroyd, M. D., Douglas P. A. Jacoby, M. D.
Chief Forester—John Trainor.

Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand—Mrs. Cora Young.
Vice Grand—Mrs. Carrie Starratt.
Recording Secretary—Miss A. D. Nelson.
Treasurer—Mrs. Rebecca Underwood.
Financial Secretary—Miss Sarah E. Bliss.
Trustees—Mrs. Alvah Twigg, Mrs. Hannah Lodge, Mrs. Albert Peckham.

Hope Lodge, No. 3, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor Commander—William Tucker.
Vice Chancellor—Richard T. Johnson.
Prelate—John W. Clarke.
Keeper of Records and Seals—E. C. Richards.
Master of Exchequer—Robert E. Brooks.
Master of Finance—W. F. Eastmond.
Inner Guard—Edward Boyle.
Master of Work—Andrew W. Lockey.
Outer Guard—Joseph Marshall.
Auditing Committee—Edward Davis, Henry R. Osborne, William Matthews.
Banking Committee—Robert E. Brooks, Marcus C. Andrews, Edward C. Richards.

BOERS' ALLEGED DEEDS

Kitchener Tells of Shooting Down of Blacks

SOMETIMES IN COLD BLOOD

To Hide Traces of Movements of Commandos—Broderick Says England Will Soon Be Compelled to Cease Treating the Enemy as Belligerents

London, Dec. 12.—Lord Kitchener's statement specifying 37 separate instances in which natives have been shot by the Boers, and which involves the loss of 81 lives, was issued by the war office last night. In some of the cases mentioned the blacks were shot after an informal court martial, or upon being accused of spying, but in some instances Lord Kitchener indicates the natives were shot in cold blood in order to hide traces of the movements of the Boer commandos. The period covered by Lord Kitchener's statement is over one year.

Speaking at Glasgow last night Secretary of War Brodrick referred to Lord Kitchener's report on the shooting of blacks by the Boers. Mr. Brodrick said this report made it perfectly clear that these murders were not committed in moments of passion, but were part of an organized system to cover the tracks of the enemy and to prevent possible information of their whereabouts.

Dealing with present aspects of the war, Mr. Brodrick said the Boers had accepted parole and broken it and there would be no repetition of such actions. Within recent weeks, he said, Boer commanders had shown less regard for the laws of war than up to the present time, and that these bandits would before long reach a crisis when they could no longer be treated as belligerents.

The speaker said the government was for no half measure in securing a settlement and that any fresh negotiations must emanate from the Boers.

Mr. Brodrick confirmed the government's decision, already announced, to break up the unhealthy concentration camps and remove the overflow of concentrados to the coasts, where attempts would be made to provide them with more permanent shelters.

Whole Bethel Force Taken

London, Dec. 12.—Lord Kitchener announces that General Hamilton, after a night march, surprised and captured practically the whole of the Boer Bethel command at Telchard's Fontein early Tuesday morning. Seven Boers were killed and 131 were made prisoners.

Suicide In Capitol

Boston, Dec. 9.—As John F. Berry, night watchman at the state house, was making his rounds late Saturday night, he discovered the lifeless form of a man in one of the toilet rooms, which proved to be that of George A. M. Ewer, a clerk in the office of the tax commission. In the right hand was grasped a revolver, the missing shot from which had been fired through the man's head, entering over the right ear. Ewer was about 37 years old. No motive for the act is known at present.

Swan Sues Town of Arlington

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 11.—Roland A. Swan, once clerk in the Arlington town treasurer's office, now serving a term in state prison, for embezzlement, has brought suit against the town for recovery of certain property. It is claimed that various books and papers which were taken from him as evidence at the time of his arrest should after his conviction be returned. The respondents are the selectmen and chief of police of Arlington.

Hill Declines to Be Counsel

New York, Dec. 10.—David B. Hill has quit the Molineux case, which he argued before the court of appeals and more recently on the motion to quash the indictment before Judge Newburger. He was asked to be chief counsel for Molineux in the new trial, but declined. Ex-Governor Black will continue in the case along with Mr. Battle and Mr. Weeks, the counsel for Molineux in the first trial.

Had Too Much to Say

Washington, Dec. 12.—As a result of statements made in a recently published interview regarding the ability of the Cubans to govern themselves, which have been deemed indiscreet, Lieutenant Commander Young has been relieved by Secretary Long of his present post as captain of the port of Havana. He has not yet been assigned to other duty, nor has his successor been selected.

Sleeping to Death

Peoria, Ills., Dec. 12.—On the morning of Nov. 7, James A. Harris, 68 years old, went to sleep while seated in a chair at his home. Since that day he has not been conscious for more than half an hour at a time, and then only on two occasions. He now seems to be sinking. The case has puzzled the local physicians.

Alleged Political Crookedness

Boston, Dec. 13.—Thomas F. Dolan, an election officer, 36 years old, was arrested last night on a warrant charging him with abetting and aiding persons to vote illegally at last Tuesday's election and with "wilfully neglecting to perform his duty as an election officer."

Sailmakers Won't Yield

Bath, Me., Dec. 13.—The only development in the sailmakers' strike is an offer by C. G. Bennett to pay his men $2.25 for a nine-hour day, but at a meeting of the union yesterday it was voted to hold out for $3 a day.

Assault May Result Fatally

Dover, N. H., Dec. 13.—Arthur Huntoon was locked up last night on the charge of assault with intent to kill Phillip Haley, at Barrington. Not much is known about the affair, which is likely to prove very serious, as Haley is barely alive. Both Haley and Huntoon agree in their stories that the assault was not preceded by any serious trouble.

DEMOCRATS' GREAT DAY

Rolled Up a Plurality of 19,325 at the Hub

COLLINS IS ELECTED MAYOR

Street Commissioner, Both Branches of City Government and School Committee All on the Democratic Side—Result of Other Elections

Boston, Dec. 11.—The Democrats completely overwhelmed the Republicans in the city election yesterday, Patrick A. Collins being elected mayor over Thomas N. Hart, the present incumbent, by the largest plurality in a quarter of a century. In fact, a hasty glance over the records for the past 30 years fails to find so decided a victory. The Democrats also gained control of both branches of the city government, elected their street commissioner, Salem D. Charles, and practically all



their candidates for school committee. As usual, the city voted strongly in favor of license.

The result of the contest was fully as much a surprise to the Democrats as to their opponents. The most sanguine prophet in the Democratic ranks claimed but 7000 Monday night for Collins, yet this plurality was nearly tripled in the election yesterday, being 19,325. Last year Hart defeated Collins by 2281 votes, and polled something over 40,000. This year the total Republican vote for mayor was a trifle over 33,000, the smallest given a party candidate for mayor since 1893, despite a registration of almost 5 percent larger. On the other hand, Collins received something over 52,000 votes, the largest given a candidate in the history of the city. Collins carried 18 of the 25 wards and was only beaten in the other 7 by a close margin.

Among the Republican leaders, the weather came in for some of the blame, for it rained until after noon, and there were probably many supporters of Hart who stayed at home. But this could not account for the tremendous gains made by the Democrats in Republican wards and the great majorities rolled up in their own strongholds.

The Republicans were not quite so successful in the 17 Massachusetts city elections held outside of Boston as they were in the 14 held last week. In Worcester, however, Mayor O'Connell, a Democrat, was vanquished by the Republican candidate. There were a number of surprises in the election, beside that in Boston. In Woburn, former Mayor Feeney defeated the present mayor, and the city changed from no license to license. In Chelsea, where the Republicans swept the city, there was also a change from no license to license. In Newburyport, however, where license has held firm for 20 years, the city voted against the sale of liquor by over 300 majority. One of the most stubborn contests in the state was in Salem, where Mayor Hurley's administration, although fiercely criticised during the campaign, was endorsed by the voters and the mayor re-elected by nearly 800 majority. Salem narrowly missed getting into the license column, the majority against license being reduced from 558 last year to 75 this year. There was also a warm contest in Cambridge and it seems as if the Democrats succeeded in electing John H. McNamee.

The following shows the mayors elected and the vote on license:

City and Mayor Elected.	License.
*Beverly, Cole, Ind	No.
Cambridge, McNamee, D	No.
Chelsea, Willard, R	Yes.
*Chicopee, Loomis, R	Yes.
Everett, Bruce, R	No.
*Holyoke, Chapin, R	Yes.
*Lowell, Dimon, D	Yes.
*Lynn, Shepherd, R	Yes.
Malden, Dean, R	No.
Medford, no mayor elected	No.
*Melrose, Larrabee, R	No.
*Newburyport, Brown, Ind	No.
Newton, Weeks, R	No.
*Salem, Hurley, D	No.
*Somerville, Glines, R	No.
Woburn, Feeney, D	Yes.
Worcester, Fletcher, R	Yes.

*Re-elected.

Eleven-Year Task Completed

North Attleboro, Mass., Dec. 9.—St. Mary's church, which has been in the course of erection over 11 years, was dedicated yesterday in the presence of Bishop Harkins of Providence, assisted by many other clergymen.

They Counterfeited Cents

Boston, Dec. 9.—William Weiner and Israel Aronofsky were found guilty by a jury in the United States court of making and having in their possession counterfeits cents. Sentence was deferred.

Many Lives Probably Lost

Thomaston, Me., Dec. 13.—It is believed that the schooner Racehorse, from Rockland, was blown off the coast and was lost in the recent gales. On board were eight ship carpenters who had worked all the season in the Thomaston dock yard, and were returning to Nova Scotia in the vessel. The Racehorse sailed on Dec. 2.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE

Move For Its Reorganization Has Strong Backing

MODIFIED BILL BY LODGE

Endorsed by Leading American Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade—Bureau to Keep Organization In Touch With Congress' Work

Washington, Dec. 13.—The meeting of prominent business men from all over the United States to urge legislation for the reorganization of the consular service is a much more important movement that might be guessed from the small space granted it in the newspapers. The agitation is not confined to the bodies immediately represented at this meeting, but extends through the entire commercial fabric in the country at large.

Not only all the leading American chambers of commerce and boards of trade, but a large number of lesser degree, have publicly indorsed what is known as the "chambers of commerce bill" which is the Lodge bill with a few modifications, but 12 of the most important commercial bodies in 12 of the principal cities appointed delegates to attend the present meeting and give the reform a start.

Mr. Lodge will introduce the modified bill in the senate, and either Mr. Hill of Illinois or Mr. Burton of Ohio will introduce it in the house. The chief feature in which the modified bill differs from the current version is in the restoration of the civil commission to the place in the board of examiners which it held in the first Lodge bill, but from which it was stricken in committee during the last congress.

Harry A. Garfield of Ohio is at the head of the central organization for the support of the new measure, with Gustave H. Schwab and John H. Ela of Chicago as vice presidents. Mr. Ela will give way presently to a representative of some large commercial body in one of the gulf cities, so that all geographical sections may figure actively in the work.

A bureau will be maintained here, with a clerk in charge to keep the organization constantly in touch with the progress of the work in congress. The only aggressive opposition looked for in the house is from Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania and his following. Mr. Adams has a bill of his own, which would have been better than none, as an entering wedge, but which is in no sense abreast of present needs. Mr. Adams' bill is a mere tentative skeleton measure, whereas the bill to which the chambers of commerce are committed is a scientifically drawn measure of reorganization. It has been prepared with the aid of experts possessing a full knowledge of the needs of the consular service from all points of view.

Stabbing Followed Drinking

New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 12.—John Mowbray, a rag picker, was fatally stabbed at his home at the north end last evening. The man who is suspected of the murder, an Italian, has disappeared. Several neighbors have been in the habit of meeting at Mowbray's house at night. The missing man has also been a frequenter of the house. He was there last evening and liquor was plentiful. A row started, during which Mowbray was stabbed twice in the left side. No trace of the weapon could be found. None of the members of the party can give a clear statement of the quarrel.

But One Charge Sustained

Salem, Mass., Dec. 12.—The board of aldermen last evening gave their findings in the charges against the police force made by Mayor Hurley, and which were tried in public hearing about a month ago. The charge that Officers Hurley and Carr had an altercation at the police station was sustained. It was recommended that Carr be reprimanded and that Officer Hurley be fined a week's pay. The numerous other charges were not sustained. On request of Mayor Hurley the report was laid on the table till the next meeting.

Uncle Sam Gets Slice of Nicaragua

Managua, Dec. 10.—Fernando Sanchez, Nicaraguan minister of foreign affairs, and William L. Merry, United States minister to Nicaragua, Salvador and Costa Rica, yesterday signed a treaty by which Nicaragua agrees perpetually to lease to the United States a section of the Nicaraguan territory six miles wide, which includes the route of the Nicaraguan canal.

Allies' Opponent Rewarded

Pekin, Dec. 12.—An edict has appeared bestowing honors on the late Li Hung Chang, Prince Ching and other officials for participation in the peace negotiations. The most remarkable clause awards Yung Lu (who commanded the best disciplined troops which opposed the allies) the two-eyed peacock feather, for protecting foreigners against the Boxers.

Rockland's Singular Distinction

Rockland, Mass., Dec. 9.—After the new year this town will have no resident Protestant clergymen, while at the same time it has the only liquor license in Plymouth county. There are five Protestant churches here, and of three the pastors have recently resigned to accept more lucrative calls.

No More Negro Votes

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 12.—The state board of registrars are in session in this city and have appointed registrars in 15 counties to register voters under the provisions of the new constitution. This means the beginning of disfranchisement of negroes in Alabama.

Assault by Maine Highwaymen

Rumford Falls, Me., Dec. 13.—Levi Garrett is in a critical condition at his home here, as the result of knife wounds received at the hands of highwaymen. The robbers secured $150 which Garrett had drawn from the bank to defray the expenses of his wedding, which was to have taken place yesterday. The assailants escaped, and the police have no clew.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

The Bath, Me., school board has ordered that the teachers and pupils in the public schools be vaccinated without delay without charge, under the direction of the board of health.

Captain George H. Tuber of Fairhaven, Mass., is dead, aged 93. He was formerly prominent in the maritime industry and for half a century he was prominent in the affairs of Fairhaven.

A fire in Henry B. Terry's business block at Hyde Park, Mass., caused a damage of $6500. The origin of the blaze is unknown.

The faculty of Yale have sanctioned the plans of the university basketball team for a trip through the middle west during the Christmas vacation.

Michael J. Quinn committed suicide in a Boston public park by shooting.

The failure of the publishing firm of Butler & Alger of New Haven is announced. The liabilities of the firm are given as $51,300 and the nominal assets $10,762.

The monument erected to the memory of Commodore George H. Perkins, U. S. N., in the state house park at Concord, N. H., will be unveiled and formally dedicated on April 21 next.

The Lincoln Foundry company, Hartford, was sold at public auction by order of the superior court to a syndicate of employes of the company, for $12,000, subject to a mortgage of $35,000.

A body found in the water at the Point of Pines, Revere, Mass., has been identified as that of John Moynihan, who disappeared from Lynn on Nov. 9 last.

Thomas G. Arey of Bucksport, Me., in the hardware business for nearly 50 years, is dead, aged 77.

The house of Wilbur Grey at Orland Falls, Me., was burned. The family barely escaped and saved nothing. Loss, $2000.

The farm buildings of Ebenezer Stowell in West Windham, Vt., were burned, the family of Elias Stowell, who were the tenants, escaping in their night clothes. Not only the buildings, but the contents and livestock were lost.

Benjamin L. Bragg of Boston, insurance agent, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities are $23,434.

A large building at Brattleboro, Vt., occupied by C. S. Stockwell's livery stable, was burned, entailing a loss of $8000 to $10,000.

Captain Alonzo J. Beardsley, well known in railroad and steamboat circles in Connecticut and New York, died at Easton, Conn.

Leon McCarthy, aged 15, was instantly killed at Franklin, Mass., by being thrown out of a sleigh against a hitching-post.

Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, for eight years pastor of the Cobb's Avenue Free Baptist church, Saco, Me., tendered his resignation to accept the pastorate of the Curtis Memorial Free Baptist church at Concord, N. H.

Captain George Tabor, a retired whaling master, died at New Bedford, Mass., aged 81. He had made more voyages to Hudson's bay than any other whaling captain ever sailing from New Bedford.

John D. Flint committed suicide by shooting at New Bedford, Mass. He had been despondent.

Hubert H. Bishop of South Norwalk, Conn., announces that he will present the town with a lot, valued at $10,000, for a library. Andrew Carnegie had agreed to erect a library building providing a suitable site was procured.

Fort Constitution, N. H., has been constituted an independent military post and Fort Foster, on Gerish Island, Me., a sub-post of Fort Constitution.

A reduction of one hour a week in the time schedule without a change in the wage schedule is offered to the employes of the American Waltham Watch company. The present schedule is 58 hours. The operatives are to decide for themselves how they want one hour taken off.

John M. Chandler, aged 67, one of Manchester's best-known business men and cashier of the Amoskeag national bank, died suddenly at Manchester, N. H.

Contracts have been nearly completed for the installation of a giant electric light and power plant in the new shops of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. company at Readville, Mass. The plant will not only illuminate the shops, but will also operate all the shop machinery.

Causing a total loss of $20,000, the factory of Tenney & Porter, manufacturers of celluloid and horn goods, Leominster, Mass., was burned.

The Massachusetts Republican state committee has filed its statement of expenses for the campaign of 1901. According to this statement there was expended the sum of $8937.24. The committee received in contributions the sum of $9008.55, and ended the year with a balance of $71.31.

In regard to the report that smallpox has broken out at Harvard university, Dr. Bailey, the college physician, has issued a statement that the rumor to the effect that smallpox has developed in the college is entirely unfounded.

Theodore Woolsey, professor of international law, has been appointed temporary dean of the Yale law school, on account of the serious illness of Professor Francis Wayland.



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Selected Tale.

SIMON PETER.

BY RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

"Abby," said Jonas Breed, "I've asked ye for the last time. Whenever you want me now, if you ever do, you'll have to come to me."

"And when I fall from grace far enough to be on your level, Jonas Breed; when I take to gamblin' and racin' hosses Sunday, I'll come," responded Abby Lane tartly.

Jonas left the house with a strange feeling of isolation in his heart. For the past twenty years he had "waited on" Abby Lane, and during that time, on the average of once a month at least, he had offered himself in marriage. On a similar average Abby Lane had refused him, but the fact that she gave as her reason for not marrying him, his "unChristian habits," had filled him with a hope that someday, "unChristian habits" notwithstanding, Abby Lane would say the word. Jonas was not the man to let a woman out of his life. His affection for Abby was honest, sincere, sturdy; but his pet vices—a brush on the road be the day Sunday or secular, a little stake to make the game more interesting, or (and for this Abby had often prophesied him a drunkard's grave) a glass of hot toddy on a disagreeable night—these he was loath to—nay, would not give up for any woman. He had waited patiently through the long years, confident that in time Abby's prejudice would soften, and Abby had waited with an equal patience, trusting to her ability to show him the error of his way. Abby at forty was prejudiced as ever, and at forty-one Jonas still strayed in the paths of unrighteousness. Then patience took a back seat.

"A man forty-one, and all took up with bad habits, ain't the man for me," Abby had told him earlier that evening, "and you might just as well know it first as last!"

"No woman is goin' to say shall and shan't to me," replied the irate Jonas. And at the end of the interview, Jonas came out into the June night feeling very much isolated and decidedly ill-used.

Jonas held rigidly to his word, and although the quiet evenings increased with countless balmy perfumes and voiced with many yielding harmonies, beckoned him to Abby Lane's, he steeled his heart and put the thought of her from him.

"There's too many men givin' in to womenfolks," he told himself, "but the Breeds ain't just that kind o' cattle."

Still he was aware of a loneliness which made him wish a thousand times he had never pronounced those final words—that he could go back to Abby as of old and reason, and argue and criticize. He had never before realized what the world would be with Abby a by-figure in the dim, unreachable background. Something decidedly unpleasant for a time, he had supposed, but nothing like this dull heaviness of mind and soul, which daily weighed him more and more. Yet Jonas was not the man to back down. He had stood up for his rights, as he saw them, and if it was a case of taking medicine, medicine he would take.

As for Abby, when the first few days of righteous indignation were past, she was aware of very much the same loneliness and heaviness of spirit which Jonas experienced. But the stubbornness of generations of Lanes curved her lips, and the pride of the same Lanes stiffened her spine.

"Go to him?" she questioned herself. "Not if he was the last man on earth. I've got along by myself pretty well for forty years and I guess I'll get along the same way forty more, if the good Lord spares me."

Nevertheless, the evenings were very long without his hearty laughter or his bantering words, and people said that summer that Abby Lane was beginning to show her years.

As the summer progressed and the loneliness grew, she began to cast about for some means of diversion. It occurred to her a wise idea to buy a horse. There had been no horse in the stable since her father's death, five years before, but there were harness and a buggy and a Concord wagon. Surely, it was the very thing! She could ride about these evenings and forget how solitary was her position in the community. Yes, she would buy a horse. With this resolution in her mind, she called to Jerry Nixon as he was jogging past villagewards one day.

"I'm thinkin' of buyin' a hoss," said Abby, "s'pose you could get me a good one—one that I could drive an' like, an' wouldn't be always shyin' or runnin' away?"

"Well, I calc'late I might," said Jerry. "How much do you want to give?"

"Young one, gentle one, that won't kick nor run, an' I'm willin' to pay well for it."

"Just such a hoss as you want'll be hard to git right off," said Jerry, "but I'll do what I kin for ye, Abby."

Now a few days later, Jerry happened to be talking with Jonas Breed in the latter's barn.

"I guess I'll have to sell old Simon Peter," Breed observed. "He's gittin' along in years, an' I wouldn't travel. I can't a natch show him dust, now. Kinder hate to part with him though. He's kept 'em trottin' in his day."

"I'll give ye sixty dollars for him," said Jerry.

"Show the money, an' he's yourn," said Jonas.

Thus it happened that Simon Peter, "young, kind and sound as a whistle," according to Jerry, was tied in the stall of Abby Lane's stable by the modest Jerry, who had netted just forty dollars by this transfer of the beast's quarters.

Jonas did not buy another horse. Instead, the [illegible] in the barn he sold out. The little brushes, which theretofore had been the joy of his life, had become very tame. His sole diversion seemed to be walking late at night, so late that he was sure no one would see him. At these times he always took the same route—and it brought him up leaning over the fence of Abby Lane's garden, where rows of candytuft and mignonette made the night air a paradise of perfume. He even went to church one Sunday—he thought she might recognize in the act his eagerness for compromise. But Abby Lane, when she passed him on the steps, merely nodded coldly and went her way.

The summer wore away and Jonas still walked at nights past Abby Lane's garden, although the mignonette and candytuft were long since gone. Abby Lane had grown weary of driving evenings. The novelty of it had worn away, and anyway it could not drive away the dread she felt at the approach of the long, dreary evenings close at hand. Simon Peter stood for days in his stall with plenty of oats and sundry carrots to lunch on, which had rejuvenated him wonderfully.

Jonas fell into fits of blues, during which he would have given his good right arm had he never told Abby Lane she must come to him next time. And while the autumn waxed apace, pride and a stubborn spirit were fast developing unwilling misogynists.

One Sunday in late October, Abby Lane hitched up Simon Peter to drive to church. Simon Peter came out of his stall only on Sunday mornings these days, which accounted for his sundry swellings and Abby Lane's nervous and apprehensive squeals of "Whoa, Peter."

It was a crisp day and Simon Peter seemed bent upon wrecking Abby Lane's nerves. He jumped about, curvetted around the stable and when, after a very trying half-hour, he was finally harnessed, he could scarcely be induced to stand still long enough for his mistress to get into the buggy. When she gathered up the reins Simon Peter made for the road at a pace which brought her heart to her mouth. A few rods of this and he settled down to his usual staid gait, while Abby Lane heaved a sigh of genuine relief. They had nearly reached the church when someone attempted to pass them. That someone was Harry Brown with a very lively colt. Simon Peter sprang ahead. What with his recent inactivity, his oats and the morning, the challenge was more than he could stand. He gathered the bits in his teeth and went past the church at a pace which would have made Jonas Breed chuckle even in Simon Peter's palmy days. Abby Lane clutched the reins and shouted "Whoa" at the top of her voice, but Simon Peter's blood was up. Down the road he raced, with Harry Brown vainly endeavoring to pass him. Abby Lane felt the agony of despair. "Oh dear! Whoa—Whoa! Oh dear! Oh dear!" she shrieked, and Simon Peter let himself out until the buggy rocked dangerously, while Abby Lane was frozen with terror. Then the paralyzing fear seemed to pass and she screamed shrilly again and again. Jonas Breed heard those screams and came from his barn. He saw a great cloud of dust down the road, and out of the cloud came Simon Peter. Then, as in days of old, when he had won many a good fought race over that road, he turned into the familiar gateway and stopped short before the barn door—stopped so suddenly that Abby Lane, who was unprepared for any such procedure, fell from the seat into the bottom of the buggy.

Jonas lifted her out.

"Why, Abby Lane," he cried in mock surprise, "racin' Sunday—racin' Sunday, Abby Lane."

He seemed to like those words.

"Racin' Sunday, and here you be at my house."

He put her on her feet, and she stood there trembling.

"You've come to me," he said in triumph, "an' racin' Sunday, too."

But Abby Lane had spirit.

"I don't care. I'm glad I have," said she.—National Magazine.

Urban Stupidity.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upcreek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-running."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he follow?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out.

In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Hixson. He runs an insurance office downtown. He's worth about $20,000, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian Church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."—Chicago Tribune.

A story of a quaint people is "The Newfoundlanders of the Outports," by Norman Duncan, in the December number of Outing. The influence of the same salt air that gave its tone to the customs of these fisherfolk pervades Mr. Duncan's story; and the illustrations—from photographs which Mr. Duncan took with his own camera on the scene—carry the reader to a land of simplicity, where scheming brains have not corrupted naturally honest hearts.

"What do they put that piece of lead on the end of that rope for?" asked the passenger, as he watched the officer taking the ship's speed.

"Oh, that's to keep it down," replied the officer.

"Well," replied the passenger, after hearing over the rail again for a few minutes, "d'ye suppose if I swallowed a piece of lead like that I could keep it down?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Hunsberger. I wonder where the morning paper is, dear.

Mrs. Hunsberger (calling to cook). Bridget, have you the morning paper in there?

Bridget. Oi have, mum.

Mrs. Hunsberger—Well, Mr. Hunsberger wants it.

Bridget. Oi ain't through wid it yet, mum.—Phila. Press.

Frank M. Ware has prepared a practical article on "Vice in Horses and Its Correction," for the December number of Outing. Mr. Ware traces viciousness to the horse's brain, and explains how, simply and effectively, a vicious horse may be trained into submission and usefulness. The article is illustrated with photographs showing the methods of handling the fractious patients.

"Just thirty-three years ago today," said the old soldier, "the top of my head was grazed by a bullet."

"There isn't much grazing there now, is there, grandpa?" was the comment of the youngest grandchild, and as the old gentleman rubbed his bare poll he had to admit the correctness of the assertion.—The Indianapolis Journal.

Weary Brum. Why don't I catch my own food? Ma'am it's a sad story. I was born and raised in luxury, my every want was provided for. But now that I am thrown on my own resources I find myself totally incapable of alleviating the pangs of hunger. Woman have pity on me, I was raised in a zoo.—Brooklyn Life.

"Does he love her?"

"Love her! Why he has played whist with her and still is anxious to marry her."—Town and Country.

THE BEAVERTAIL LIGHT.

Letter of Justification from Josiah Arnold in the Providence Gazette of 1766.

COMPILED BY JAMES N. ARNOLD.

Newport, Dec. 1, 1766.

Messrs. Printers:

Please to insert the following in your next Gazette and you'll oblige

Your humble servant,

JOSIAH ARNOLD.

Jamestown, Nov. 28, 1766.

I am very sorry to be obliged to appear in the public prints, but the vindication of my character and of truth requires that I open to the public view the state of my conduct respecting the Light House, and how unfairly I have been treated in not being paid the monies I owe in advance for the attendance and care of it. That I may also clear myself of blame and show how I can reconcile to myself my conduct I shall content myself with arranging the facts relative to this present controversy, and show the treatment I have met with for the last three years which I persuade myself will clear my conduct from blame to all unprejudiced minds. All this I also shall do to clear myself from the least taint of that barbarian pastime which the anonymous writer in the Newport Mercury, No. 429, cruelly insinuates that part I have acted, "the sporting with and endangering the lives and fortunes of mankind." Truly severe is this and how unjust this aspersion is the public will judge with the views the writer must have whether they be from ill-nature or party designs. I was to support a tender at the Light House for £16, 15s, sterling per annum, which was to be punctually paid me, instead of which they have delayed repaying me near £300, 6s, due me for two years besides a balance that was due to me on the last year and no part of this year's salary has been paid as yet, while I have been under a necessity of advancing this tender his wood and provisions for a long time. And I must have continued advancing these supplies for this winter to this man had I kept him in my service, and I should not have known when or how I should be repaid these monies as I am still delayed the repayment of them though I have made demands for the sum I advanced from the office where the Light House monies are paid. I have also made several applications to the General Assembly and all in vain.

I have again renewed my application to the General Assembly by a remonstrance of my grievances in this matter to them in June, 1766, directed to Mr. Speaker Bradford, which is now on file in that house, and it was not noticed either at their first or last sessions, though previous to their last setting I sent Austin (the tender) with a message to His Honor, the Governor, to request him laying before the General Assembly this business that unless I was repaid my advances I would supply the tender no longer but discharge him, which Austin told me he had delivered to the Governor who promised to recommend this matter to the house that something might be done in it. This also was omitted, for after the rising of the Assembly I sent Austin to the Governor to know what the General Assembly had done in my affairs of the Light House who told him it was forgot and nothing was done. Being thus neglected and despairing of receiving my monies advanced I discharged the tender from this service and declined any further care of the Light House. Would it then be doing justice to myself to be making more advances of my interest for the public expense when I was discouraged from applying to any quarter for my pay as I was refused by some and neglected by others and no way to redress myself could I find out? This treatment is not borne with from one man to another and surely government has no claim to such a conduct.

A sense of these injuries to myself roused me to consider of some expedients to save myself from future expense when there was no call for it. That my private fortune should not be sacrificed to the public I determined not to have any further concern or care of the Lights at the Light House. And this I declared in Newport when at the rising of the General Assembly I heard how they had neglected my remonstrance. At the same time I desired it might be published that any person interested in any shipping might send over some person to light the lamps as there was oil and wick sufficient, nor did ever refuse the doing this to any person whatever which naturally leads me to consider the conduct of John Hoockey which I shall only hint at as I reserve the decision of this matter to a Court of Justice. When John Hoockey come over to Jamestown with the Governor's order to light the lamps I did not refuse him oil or wick nor does he say I ever did but I told him the doors were opened and the oil and wick were ready for his use or any other persons. The lights were lighted the first night by him and he might have continued them if he pleased which might have prevented that disaster at Sachuest beach. If he neglected his duty ought the blame to be cast on me? Was this Hoockey of my appointment? Was he then a servant of mine? If not surely I ought not to be charged with his neglect. Can his imaginary fears which very possibly arose from some other cause be said to originate from me?

The deducing uncertain consequences when real facts ought to fix the blame where the neglect was is unfair. Hoockey by the Governor's warrant had at that time the care of the lights and it's known that I had not. I would further observe that instead of using Hoockey roughly or terrifying him with threats as he insinuated I treated him with hospitality as a stranger in my house but the proof of my conduct to him I shall defer till it is more necessary than at this time.

On the whole in what part of my conduct from a review of these several truths does my savage pastime ("the sporting with the lives and fortunes of mankind") appear? Does not this aggravate my grievance—my interest strayed from me—my character traduced—when every son of liberty, nay every person ought to have both of them secured to him by government.

JOSIAH ARNOLD.

In England, where he is beloved and revered Bishop Whipple received many honors. He preached the opening sermon in Lambeth Palace, at the Lambeth conference in London in 1888, and preached on special occasions in most of the cathedrals of England. He received the degrees of D. D. and L. L. D. from the universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham. He was invited by Queen Victoria to a private interview at Windsor Castle, and was afterwards presented by the queen with a portrait of herself and an elegant copy of her Highland Journal.—American Register.

The man who waits for appreciation generally gets it in the shape of an epitaph.

Buller and Burnside.

"If we may accept dispatches literally General Buller is the 'hero' with the British masses and with the common soldiers. Yet he is the same General Buller who failed at the Tugela, who told White that he might surrender, and whose appointment to a high command a few weeks ago raised a storm of protest throughout England. His popularity is due to the revulsion of the civilian public life from the mood that made his fall certain. The public has seen its triumph and is now full of pity for the object of its attack and rather ashamed of itself although the man is the same one it clamored against six weeks back. Buller's popularity with the soldiers is precisely what a plain, bluff, brave man easily attains with such simple natures. Buller they know is the man who worthily won the Victoria Cross he wears, the good regiment officer who outranked as such with tasks not beyond his capabilities headed a regiment successfully. It is not always the general who succeeds who wins and holds the love of soldiers. Kindness of heart that impels interest in their lot often gives an unsuccessful commander an unshakable claim on the heart-allegiance of the ranks. The army of the Potomac conquered under Grant, but it never loved him as it loved McClellan, who had popular manners.

Burnside failed as an army commander, the task being beyond his talents, but the man held the affections of the soldiers. Years after the war, on an occasion of reunion of regiments which had served under him, we saw General Burnside almost literally carried off his feet by their manifestations of soldierly love for him as their old commander. These very men knew he had failed, but his failure worked no abatement of their love for the brave soldierly man who was their first ideal when they were young soldiers. So Buller would be lovingly mobbed in the ranks of "the old regiment" today.

Politics will aid him with civilians, for politicians of the opposition will do their utmost to represent him as the scapegoat of an inefficient administration.—Boston Transcript.

Lord Kelvin's Inventive Eyeglass.

Soon after Lord Kelvin had assisted in laying the Atlantic cable, when he was yet known as Sir William Thompson, his mind was greatly troubled in devising some method for perfecting the ordinary telegraphic apparatus used on overhead wires, as the old method, or the one then in vogue, was not suited for the varying currents passing along the cables.

The laying of the electric current had the effect of making them run together in one bottom current, with surface ripples. The difficulty which Lord Kelvin had to overcome was to invent a means of clearly distinguishing all the delicate fluctuations.

One day the great inventor's eyeglass dropped off and swung in front of the magnet. The glass deflected its movements, and from this simple and unexpected incident the "mirror instrument" was invented. The eyeglass, it is said, forms part of Lord Kelvin's most valued treasures.

Didn't Need a Nerve Tonic.

He had called on a Fifth avenue physician and reported that he was "knocked out generally." As he took the prescription he said:

"Well, doctor, what do I owe you?"

"Two dollars."

"I'm sorry I can't pay you to-day. You won't mind waiting a while, will you?"

"No; that's all right."

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription cost?"

"About one dollar."

"Say, doc, you couldn't lend me a dollar to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Let me look at that prescription again," said the physician. He took it, examined it, and erased a line.

"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."—N. Y. Times.

"Why did you resign from your club?" he asked.

"Oh, they were so absurdly particular," she replied.

"How?"

"Why, the chairman wouldn't let me talk just because some one else was talking—as if that made any difference."—Chicago Post.

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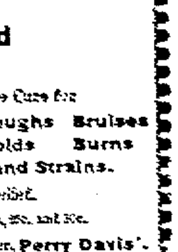
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Boston, ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Prov.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Gentle Art of Dining.

Not many weeks ago an Englishman, who has acquired some prominence in the literary world, was regaling me with his experiences of social life in the West. He went on to relate that while he was in Chicago he was invited to make one of a large party at an evening function. Not exactly understanding the peculiar nature of the occasion, he made bold to ask a gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he met in the dressing-room, the object of the dinner. "The object of this dinner," retorted the gentleman addressed, "is to get drunk, and to get drunk quick." "And I think it is only fair and proper," explained the Englishman in telling me the story, "to say that this specific object was most satisfactorily and expeditiously attained."

It was naturally incumbent on me to protest that he had not seen the more common phase of Western social life in this experience, but at the same time I had a reinforced conviction that the frank Chicago gentleman had accurately sized up the situation. The fact is that the gentle art of dining has not reached a stage of proficiency in the West—that stage when the wines and the viands are merely an incident, not the whole show. Of course there are so-called "sing dinners" where drinking in moderation is strictly observed, but to say that such are the rare exceptions voices the true condition of affairs and speaks more for a flow of soul than a feast of wisdom.

So far as my observation in the United States has extended the art of "gentlemanly dining" has been cultivated to a higher purpose in Boston than in any other city. Surely it has been cultivated assiduously, for one of the interesting surprises to the stranger hereabout is the social separation of the sexes. A native humorously tells me that this is the natural result of advanced civilization, and ventures to predict that as the West grows in years and experience society will so adjust itself as to bring about the same felicitous result. Personally, I question the felicity of the advance, if it is an advance, and even in Boston I have sat at tables where I have thought gayety would be enhanced and enjoyment stimulated by the presence of women.

But woman is an independent creature in New England, and notably in Boston and Cambridge. She has her own clubs and societies and bands of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and she is altogether the busiest bee in the human hive. I have often thought that Byron might have said of this local condition that man's clubs are of man's life a thing apart; they're woman's whole existence. Our neighbor, Mrs. Fatrust, typifies the modern feminine ideal, and goes from morning until night and from nightfall until midnight, letting her light so shine that her good works may be inspected, and pursuing the improving cult, whether personified by the explorer from Greenland's icy mountains or the Swami from India's coral strands.

We may say that she has been driven to this strenuous life by the feminine overpopulation of former years, or by the comparative masculine indifference to such a superfluity of charmers; but it is more gallant to believe that it is the result of "emancipation," the awakening of the new thought and the dawn of a new era for womanhood. At least, I fancy that Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, a very charming woman with a tremendous purpose, would so construe it.

Meantime the Boston man is leading his independent life in his independent way. Of course he is a good husband and a good father, and it is not to be inferred that he is deficient in the smallest respect in those duties which devolve upon him as a citizen and the head of the house—when he is the head of the house. But there is a time for business and a time for pleasure; a time for men and a time for women; and the time for men is the dinner at the club or the hotel where madame is not expected to show her agreeable countenance. The "dining club" flourishes in Boston with the vigor of the rubber plant, and fairly rivals that Back Bay botanical product in point of numbers.

Ordinary club life, for many and potential reasons, is far more generally sought in Boston than in any Western city, and the man of any sort of social station who does not belong to three or four clubs is a significant exception. More than this, he not only belongs to clubs, but, what is more remarkable from a Western standpoint, he patronizes them, perhaps urged thereto by his Puritan conscience, which demands that he shall get value received for money invested.

So far as my observation goes, his club life is very decorous and dignified, but altogether devoid of those periods of utter wretchedness and loneliness which characterize club life in Chicago. For I dare say there is not a man in Chicago who will not confess that some of the saddest and dreariest moments of his life have been spent at his club. For the Chicago man has not been educated up to the part of sipping brandy and soda alone.

The "dining club" is, of course, not peculiar to Boston, but I do not recall that I have seen it so popularly cultivated in any other American city. Dismissing the question of feminine exclusion, the dining club is built on a wise and sound basis, and I use the term to apply to any gathering of men for food, material and mental. That there are hundreds of such clubs in Boston I have no doubt, and the membership may vary from ten to fifty or more.

It is the small dining club however, to which special reference should be made, the club where a dozen good fellows of kindred tastes—not necessarily of the same vocation—get together once a month or once a fortnight, or even oftener, eat a good dinner, have a little something for the stomach's sake, smoke a cigar or two, and settle the affairs of the nation as only your Bostonian can.

Perhaps the dinner is served in a private room at a downtown restaurant or hotel. Each member pays $2, more or less, a plate, and each buys his own liquor and his own cigars. The wisdom of this latter course is at once apparent, and I am not prepared to accept the reason half-humorously given by a friend, that "a man rarely drinks or smokes to excess when he is paying for it."

A dinner in Chicago may begin at any time from seven to nine o'clock and conclude at any time between midnight and sunrise. The Boston dinner is likely to begin punctually at seven o'clock and to last three hours. The wine card is handed to each member and he selects champagne or Radenheimer, Leer or Plymouth gin, as his taste may dictate. Conversation is general and usually animated.

In former days it was customary for one or two members to "draw out a manuscript," as Dr. Holmes puts it, but advancing civilization has abated this nuisance. Good stories are told, excellent dinners are supplied and at ten o'clock, or shortly thereafter the company disperses and each man goes decorously and soberly to his home.

This does not sound very thrilling or exciting, but in point of fact it is nearly the perfection of successful dining. It has been my good fortune to be present at many such dinners, and I have never seen a single case of intoxication, have never noted an objectionable feature and have never known a dull evening.

My wise friend, Citizen, tells me that the reason of the failure of stag dinners in the West and South is that men have not learned to control their appetites. I might go further than that and explain that to my mind the trouble lies in the feverish restlessness of the Western man, who, worn out by the business activity of the day, resorts to his cups to stimulate his jaded energies.

But whatever may be the reason, it is certain that our occasionally frigid friend, the Bostonian, is far ahead of us in the wisdom and the art of trencher-ing, and that we have much to learn from his experience and his example.—Cambridge correspondent Chicago Post.

Sports and Sportsmanship in Illinois.

"The cold storage rooms of the city (Chicago) are kept filled with game of every sort from the quail to the elk. It stays there to be sold out to hotels, or to men who love game dinners, or to be shipped to states where game laws are lax. * * * There are sportsmen in Illinois—some thoroughbreds—but they have had to face a hard combination of commission men, pothunters and weak or corrupt lawmakers," says Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in December Outing.

Natives and others accustomed to look upon Illinois as devoid of the sporting opportunities which so many regularly seek beyond her borders may profit by what a fair-minded visiting writer finds to interest him and his readers. The prairies and swamplands, the forests, lakes and streams of the mid-continent are the natural homes, in one way or other, for nearly all the game indigenous to the country at large. The present partial extinction, Mr. Hubbard says, argues no oversight of nature—only the thoughtlessness and unbridled license of man. This latter, however, law and sentiment are coming gradually to check, and spontaneously-inspired science to restore and preserve. It is a great and necessary work.

Mr. Hubbard, in his Outing article, quotes the growing friendliness and better understanding between sportsmen and farmers, as a result of the saner views on both sides during the past few years. This is, in fact, the keynote of the whole contribution. It lends dignity to a subject more frequently dismissed with blunt and unfeeling criticism.

Cities Without Crime.

There is a land that has no prisons, cities that have no police forces. In fact, there is no need for either of those usually necessary branches of city and county governments. This strange state of affairs is to be found in the Island of Iceland. The people are so honest that there has never been necessity for installing these things. Of course, there is provision for the administration of justice, which consists first, in sheriffs' courts; second, by appeals to the three judges at Reykjavik, the capital of the island; third, in all criminal and most civil cases, to the Supreme Court at Copenhagen, Denmark, the kingdom of which the island is a part.

Within the last thousand years the records of the island contain but two cases of theft. Of these two cases, one was that of a native who was detected after stealing several sheep, but as he had done so to support his family, who were suffering for want of food, the stigma attached to the crime was considered sufficient punishment. The other case was that of sheep stealing also. The culprit was a German, who was in comfortable circumstances, and the robbery was malicious. The sentence upon him was that he should sell his property, restore the value of that which he stole and leave the country or be executed. He left the country.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

'Way back in the mountains of West Virginia a Presbyterian minister some time ago fell in with some people who seemed to be well fitted for the missionary efforts on which he was bent. He had been riding nearly all day, and late in the afternoon came upon a cabin set in the midst of a woodland. Near the door was a spare, straight-haired woman who gazed at him curiously. The minister spoke to her courteously and made some inquiries regarding the neighborhood. Her husband was a hunter, the woman said. "And is he a God-fearing man?" asked the preacher. "I reckon so," came the slow reply, "'cause he always takes his gun with him." The visitor hastily changed the subject and inquired if there were any Presbyterians in the neighborhood. "I dunno," said the woman simply, "but there's a lot of skins hanging up in the cabin; you can look at them and see if you can find any." A Sunday school organized in the same district has old men and young lads in the same class. Wishing to test the knowledge of her scholars the teacher began by asking each one who made him. An old man at the end of the bench didn't know, the next man didn't, and no one did until a small boy declared he knew, and said "God." "Well," cried the old fellow first appealed to, "'tain't been so very long since he was 'made."—Baltimore Sun.

Over in West Virginia on one of the railroads is a little town called Sawyer. Close to the town the train passes through a tunnel. One day a nice looking young couple were on the train, and they never seemed to know that there was anybody else on the train. Oblivious to their surroundings they were like two souls with but a single thought. While the train was passing through the tunnel those near the young couple heard a succession of suspicious smacks something like a kiss with a dozen echoes. After the train had passed through the tunnel the brakeman came through the car and called out, "Sawyer," and the timid looking young man looked up and said: "I don't give a damn if you did. We are married." Bristol Courier.

The kind hearted lady picked the lad up and brushed off his clothes. "My poor boy," she said, sympathetically, "whatever made you take such an awful fall?"

"The attraction of gravitation ma'am," answered little Harold Beanhill in his quaint Bostonian way.—Chicago Post.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Old Fashioned Advice.

A young fellow who is steady and careful in the main, does himself far more harm in remaining out till just the midnight hour than he ever imagines. It may be that he affects billiards, and remains at the game till a late hour night after night. Well, he gets to bed somewhere about one, we will say. And what does he feel like in the morning? Why, he rises sleepily, feeling tired and stiff in every limb, feels in an ill-humor, hurries his breakfast in order to get to the office in time, works languidly and without the slightest energy all day, feeling quite tired out by the afternoon, and then—why, he generally repeats at night his preceding evening's program. It does not seem much but a prolonged course of late hours and insufficient sleep is maddening! There's a tremendous amount of truth in the old woman's saying that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterwards, although the modern young man feels inclined to scoff at it. And it is easy to prove it. Let any young fellow who has given himself to late hours try getting to bed by eleven every night. I'll guarantee he will be surprised after a short period by the alacrity with which he springs from his bed in the morning, the way he enjoys his breakfast, and the energy and cheerfulness with which he can do his work. It is the best advice in the world to act on the suggestion to keep early hours.

Marriage in Germany.

One seldom hears of elopements in Germany. It is impossible for young people to marry in that country without the consent of their parents or legal guardians. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed.

No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. In Germany a man must be at least 18 years old before he can make a proposal, but when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride—as she is then called—gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends of both families, when the fact is formally announced and shortly after becomes a matter of public knowledge.

Our Population.

One interesting conclusion of the census-taker is that about 33 per cent. of the population of the United States now live in cities. Ten years ago the urban population was estimated at 29 per cent. of the whole. In the extreme east much more than a third of the people now live in towns; in the far South and far West much less than a third. But the tendency toward centralization is still strong.

Another interesting conclusion is that in the long run immigration does not have much effect in increasing population. The South, where few immigrants have gone, seems to have increased in numbers about as fast as the West. As population grows denser the rate of increase falls off. Where a country is filled up with immigrants the rate of increase by births is quickly checked. The population of the United States increased faster by its own efforts between 1790 and 1810, when immigration was light, than it did between 1810 and 1890, when it was heavy. There is matter for meditation in that. During the last decade, which included five years of hard times, immigration has been light.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Stanford is thoroughly absorbed in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, which is beautifully situated in the centre of thousands of acres of the most productive land in California. It was in March, 1881, at the time of the death of their beloved son, that the thought first occurred to the sorrowing parents to found a college for young men and women in his memory. The corner stone of this most costly monument in the history of the world was laid in May, 1887, and the university was formally opened in October, 1891. The magnificent Taj Mahal, that wonderful memorial tomb at Agra, in India, cost sixteen million dollars, but this is much less than the amount of the endowment of the Stanford University. The one monument is but a masterpiece of beauty; the other is the source of education and inspiration to higher achievements for countless thousands in the years to come. Mrs. Stanford has given her entire time and attention to this great loving memorial to her son and to her husband, who bequeathed to her this trust of affection. Her one ambition is to make the university one of the greatest educational institutions in the world.—The Ledger Monthly.

When Ninon de l'Enclos dined, her dog Mizon was always seated at the table with her, under the pretext that she would die of indigestion were it not for his guardian care. As a matter of fact there was some truth in the statement, for Mizon had been taught to know what sort of dishes the doctors would allow her to eat. So as soon as Ninon, unable to resist the temptation, helped herself to some indigestible daintiness, Mizon, who never lost sight of her, would jump from his basket, which was always surrounded by a garland of roses tied with knots of gauze, and would snap up and swallow the forbidden morsel, whether it was ragout, game or fritters. Once or twice, as Ninon had imprudently accepted a cup of coffee, which, notwithstanding his devotion to his mistress, Mizon could not drink, he scowled furiously and with his paw upset the coffee on the cloth. The same thing happened also with liquors and sweet wines, so that Ninon was ashamed of his conduct, but seeing that after all he was right, she completely renounced those luxuries.—Modern Society.

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo, he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning he saw something which made him run across the street and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda:

"My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Women's Dep't.

So Nervous!

"But I'm so nervous! I'm impatient with Lulu, but I can't help it. She is such a fractious child."

"Perhaps Lulu is fractious because her mother is nervous. Do you ever try hard for self control? Only the mother who can rule her moods, her voice, her temper, can have equable and gentle children."

"When you feel as if you could fly out of your skin, for you can't keep still and you don't know what's the matter, how are you to control yourself?"

"A very good plan is to sit perfectly, absolutely, motionless still for a few moments. Don't speak, don't frown, don't give way to any twitching and gesticulating. Refuse to speak loudly, or to scold. Think whether you are not overworking. Half the nervous misery in the world is directly due to being overwrought and never really rested. Dare to be lazy and to let things go. Get into the sunshine. And do not storm at Lulu, poor child."—Margaret Sangster, in Christian Herald.

Girl Clerk Had to Go.

The N. Y. Sun says: "Miss Daisy Bliss worked only one day as clerk for the City Council committee rooms in the City Hall of Chicago. She was appointed by City Clerk Loeffler on Monday morning, and was removed Tuesday because the city fathers could not stand a woman hearing the heart to heart talks which take place in the committee rooms. Hitherto the job has been held by a man stenographer. The Aldermen used to stroll in, talking in sulphurous and other sorts of ways, and the stenographer did not mind it. But when Miss Bliss appeared at the desk there was a quiet which threatened to become explosive any minute. Alderman Martin wanted to know whether he could not converse in a broad way with a friend without being 'called down.' Alderman John J. Brennan said he would not stand it, Alderman Cullerton looked askance, and so together they all went for the City Clerk. Loeffler put a man of the name of Harrah on the job this morning."

Carl Hamilton said, "If men are too bad to vote with women, they are too bad to vote for women." If the aldermen of Chicago are men whose habitual daily talk is such that a woman cannot be allowed to hear it, they certainly are not fit men to be responsible for the welfare of all the women and children in Chicago.

The Self-Supporting Woman.

Of the woman who has become self-supporting, Mary H. Krout writes in the Home Magazine:

"The three most active enemies of women who have had the temerity to become self-supporting are the incompetent man, the selfish, conservative woman and the naturalized foreigner. The first says: 'Working women are taking the bread out of men's mouths.' The second maintains that woman has all the rights she needs, and that it is unfeminine to seek occupation outside the home.

"As to the protesting foreigner, him especially who has taken upon himself the thankless task of making American women over after the pattern of the European grande dame or peasant—the one a chattel, the other a beast of burden—he will have his labor for his pains.

"In short, having proved her efficiency and trustworthiness in the work assigned her, the business woman is a fixed institution that can never be relegated to oblivion. One might as well talk of setting back the rising sun, or interrupting any other of the ordained processes of nature. . . .

"Instead of being a menace to the future of the home, the industrial independence of women is the strongest guaranty not only of its perpetuation, but of its rehabilitation, since women profitably employed will not surrender their independence from any but the one right motive; and it will measurably solve the divorce problem, in that it will lessen the number of ill-advised marriages."

The Charleston Exposition.

The South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition at Charleston opened on Dec. 2. It aims (1) to show the resources of the South and of the West Indies, marking their present condition; and (2) to point the way to develop these resources and promote a profitable commerce. The "Court of Palaces" covers fifty acres. The principal buildings are a Cotton Palace, Palace of Commerce, and Palace of Agriculture. The Cotton Palace stands on the highest point of the grounds, lacks only twenty feet of being as high as Niagara Falls, and covers an area of 50,000 square feet. Almost every phase of industrial and commercial life in the South will be represented. South Carolina women are taking great interest, and, as one means to raise money, they lately issued a special "woman's edition" of a local paper, containing many good articles. This "woman's edition" felt obliged to disclaim any belief in woman suffrage on the part of its editors; but the disclaimer is vain. When women begin to read newspapers, and also to write them, it is only a question of time when they will want the ballot. Our friend, Miss Floride Cunningham, was among the contributors.

Women As Designers.

Mrs. Florence E. Cory, of Syracuse, N. Y., was the pioneer in carpet designing for women. She began by unraveling carpets to learn their structure, later, went to Cooper Institute to study designing, then spent six weeks in a carpet factory, and in 1881 founded the New York School of Industrial Art and Technical Design for Women.

At present, says the Chicago Post, many women are engaged in the work. Miss Anna Lent, a student in Mrs. Cory's school, is a practical designer of textile fabrics for Catlin & Co., manufacturers in New York. Cheney Brothers, the well-known silk manufacturers, employ one woman designer and purchase designs from other women. Two graduates from the Art Institute, Miss Barnhart and Miss Davis, design Turkish and Japanese rugs for Marshall Field & Co. The Krayne Company of Scranton is composed of a number of young women—Miss Ida Burgess, interior decorator; Miss Julia Bracken, sculptor and carver in wood; Mrs. C. Cutler, worker in leather, and Miss Christia M. Reade, designer in stained glass and metals, who is also famous for her book plates. Practical designing offers work to women with original ideas and technical skill.

Fame is often a bubble that comes from puffing.

CASTORIA

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
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Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Horse Blew First.

A horse breeder residing not far from Newtownards, Ireland, sent one of his men to blow a medical powder up a young horse's nostrils. In a short time after going out to perform his task the master proceeded to the stables to see how the work was being done. He found Pat leaning up against the stable door, coughing, rubbing his eyes and appearing very much alarmed.

Master. "What is the matter? Are you hurt?"

Pat. "Oh, I'm killed entirely. While I put the tube in the baste's nose, shure he blew first, and the powder is down me throat, and I'll be after dying this night!"

One can judge of the requirements of Dutch etiquette from an incident that happened a few days ago at a concert given to the queen by the musical clubs of Amsterdam. Her majesty and the queen's mother sat in front of the audience in two armchairs. When the orchestra started to play the national anthem the audience rose, according to custom, and the two royal ladies rose also. At that moment the queen's bouquet slipped from her lap. Her majesty looked down at it and then glanced meaningly at her mother. Poor Queen Emma hesitated a moment, then swallowed her pride, stooped to pick up the bouquet, and handed it to her haughty daughter before any one of the suite sitting behind the ladies had had time to grasp the situation.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"But I tell you, your shopping is extravagant," he protested; "you should never take a thing just because it looks cheap."

"Indeed," said the extravagant young wife, "if I had followed that advice when you proposed, I never would have taken you."—Phila. Press.

The man in the two miles a minute balloon: Hey, below there!

The man in the mile a minute automobile, looking up: "What do you want?"

The man in the balloon: "Toss me a rope and I'll tow you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lady of the House. "Bridget, didn't you tell me when you came here that you would have no male friends coming around the house, and now I find a man in the kitchen almost every evening?"

Bridget. "Shure, mum, that ain't no male friend of mine at all—he's me husband."—Town and Country.

Edwyn Sandys, in his happiest style, has written the story of a college boy who became a scout, for the December number of Outing. In "The Way of the Indian Cross" there figure, besides the college boy, a French-Indian half-breed and a woman. Mr. Sandys has combined in the adventures of the boy the cool, blood-thirst of the Indian and the love of that woman. It is not a story to be skipped.

The Indian and the Northwest.

A handsomely illustrated book just issued, bound in cloth and containing 115 pages of interesting historical data relating to the settlement of the great Northwest, with fine half-tone engravings of Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and other noted chiefs; Custer's battleground and ten colored map plates showing location of the various tribes dating back to 1609. A careful review of the book impresses one that it is a valued contribution to the history of these early pioneers, and a copy should be in every library. Price, 50 cents per copy. Mailed postage prepaid upon receipt of this amount by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.
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Just One Sample Ton of
Jeddo Lehigh Coal
Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering than any other coal in this market. Lorberry, Lykens Valley and Pittston White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.
The GARDINER B. REYNOLDS CO.,
Opposite Post Office, and Sherman's Wharf
Assistance Given to Farmers in Unloading.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, remarked in a casual way, to a pamphleteer of whose powers he had no very high opinion: "By the way, I saw a good thing in that pamphlet of yours the other day." "What was that?" replied the blushing author. "A pound of butter," was the unexpected and crushing retort.—London Daily News.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

That conscience approves of and attests such a course of action is itself alone an obligation.

All who use Atomizers in treating nasal catarrh will get the best result from Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price, including spraying tube, 75cts. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

New Orleans, Sept. 1, 1900.
Messrs. Ely Bros.:—I sold two bottles of your Liquid Cream Balm to a customer, Wm. Lamberton, 1115 Delaronde St., New Orleans; he has used the two bottles, giving him wonderful and most satisfactory results. GEO. W. McDUFF, Pharmacist.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

We should have all our communications with men as in the presence of God, and with God as in the presence of men.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, buries the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's B. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Let a prince be guarded with soldiers, attended by councillors, and shut up in forts; yet if his inclinations disturb him, he is miserable.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale blood, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are especially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each state (one in this county) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18 00 weekly with expense additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.—9-14-13w.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF character and good reputation in each state (one in this county) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18 00 weekly with expense additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.—9-14-13w.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to this office, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, December 14, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS. 1013-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

Maria[6] Anna Cooke (387) md. Manly Jillson, son of Nathan[4] (Nathan[3], Nathaniel[2], Nathaniel[1], James[1] Jillson). Manly was born in Pelham, Mass., June 11, 1817, md. Sept. 20, 1837. Their children were:

700. Edwin[7] Manly Jillson, b. March 10, 1839.
701. Sina[7] Jillson, b. Feb. 22, 1841.
702. Charles[7] W. Jillson, b. May 4, 1848. (See p. 407, Ballou Gen.)

Lebbeus[5] Cooke (410), b. Jan. 9, 1791, d. May 24, 1883, md. Mary Roger Dec. 25, 1817. She was born Nov. 7, 1795, and died March 8, 1875. Their children were:

703. Laura[6] Ann Cooke, b. Sept. 5, 1818, d. Feb. 9, 1895, md. James O. Bull who died Oct. 11, 1888.
704. Sabra[6] Butler Cooke, b. Dec. 26, 1819, md. Charles C. Bridgham who died Oct. 11, 1888.
705. Sylvia[6] Clark Cooke, b. Dec. 26, 1819, md. James Adams and she died May 16, 1880.
706. Laurana[6] Diana Cooke, b. May 28, 1821, d. Feb. 3, 1901.
707. Welcome[6] Lafayette Cooke, b. May 10, 1823, md. Emily S. Hayden.
708. Mary[6] Elizabeth Cooke, b. July 18, 1825, d. y.
709. Elijah[6] Sabin Cooke, b. Sept. 11, 1826, d. Feb. 16, 1881, unmarried.
800. Mary[6] Elizabeth Cooke, b. Aug. 29, 1828, d. May 12, 1896.
801. Ormond[6] Cooke, b. Aug. 10, 1833, md. Martha Daniels.

Thomas[5] Cooke (414), b. in Foster, R. I., Dec. 10, 1768, md. at Providence, R. I., June 2, 1793, Sarah Hall, daughter of Stephen Hall and Sarah (Worgan). Thomas died Feb. 15, 1838. Of their six children three sons and one daughter died under four years of age. The living children were:

802. Mary[6] Bowen Cooke, b. Providence, R. I., Feb. 16, 1797, md. there, Feb. 1, 1820, William Hiram Hale of Rutland, Vt., later of Boston, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1880. He was born in Rutland, April 23, 1799, son of William[5] (Moses[4] and Mary (Edwards)[3] of Middletown, Conn.; Thomas[2] and Susanna (Smith)[1]; Thomas[3] and Naomi (Kilburn), Samuel and Mary Hale of Hartford, Conn., before 1635, of Glastonbury, a part of Wethersfield, Conn., where Samuel Hale died Nov. 9, 1693, aged 90 years).

Robert Hale of Cambridge, Mass., Thomas Hale of Newbury, Mass., and Samuel Hale of Glastonbury, Conn., above said, were all contemporaries of Sir Matthew Hale, the eminent jurist, came from England in 1634.

Stephen Hall, husband of Sarah Worgan, who was born Feb. 15, 1746, and married Dec. 18, 1770, was taken prisoner by the British from on board a privateer and was carried to Havana, Cuba, where, after four days of illness, he died of small pox at St. Lucie, W. I., April 2, 1780.

Sarah Worgan, born at Newport, R. I., Sept. 1, 1746, then married, second, Jabez Whipple of Providence. She died July 26, 1826.

Stephen Hall and wife Sarah (Worgan) had only two daughters:

(a) Mary Hall, b. May 25, 1774, d. Feb. 18, 1782.

(b) Sarah Hall, b. Dec. 30, 1772, d. Oct. 16, 1838, aged 38 years, 9 m., 26 d.; md. Thomas Cooke aforesaid.

These Halls' descent was from the brothers, James Hall and Timothy Hall, who married Sarah Tilden, Daniel Hall and Stephen Hall, who came from England and settled, most of them, in Maine. They had a sister, Mary Hall, who married Mr. Sylvester, and went to Kinderhook, N. Y.

803. Sarah[6] Brown Cooke (the third child named Sally, as one was born before this last one and died in early infancy; another daughter Sally lived to be 8 yrs. and 7 mos. old), b. Nov. 18, 1807, in Providence, R. I., md., May, 1827, Joseph Allen Baxter in New York; at Summit, N. J., Sept. 18, 1888.

Peter[5] Cooke (413) died in Milford, Mass., Oct. 5, 1856; md. (1) Oct., 1806, Amey Sumner, born in Milford, Nov. 18, 1784, dau. of Darius and Ann (Daniels) Sumner; she d. Dec. 18, 1828. Peter md. (2), in 1831, Hannah Fisher of Pawtucket, R. I. In 1816 Peter Cooke bought of Col. Samuel Nelson his farm in what is now South Hopedale. Peter died at the house of his son, Amos Cooke. Children of Peter and Amey Cooke were:

804. Charles[6] Cooke, b. April 1, 1807, md. Stephen Sweet Aug. 31, 1825; she died, perhaps, June 18, 1827.

805. Stephen[6] Cooke, b. Nov. 28, 1808, m. Diana Hunt, Oct. 13, 1833.

806. Amos[6] Cooke, b. Feb. 18, 1811, md. Sarah Davis Hammond Oct. 24, 1838.

807. Peter[6] Cooke, b. Feb. 22, 1813, d. March 24, 1813.

808. Amey[6] Sumner Cooke, b. April 7, 1815, md. Caroline G. Jewett July 24, 1842.

809. William[6] Cooke, b. June 13, 1818, md. Adelaide M. Pease April 13, 1843. Lived in Providence, R. I.

810. Lloyd[6] Halsey Cooke, b. Jan. 2, 1820, md. Dec. 13, 1849, Abby A. Parkhurst.

811. Peter[6] Sumner Cooke, b. May 4, 1822, md. 1843, Samuel W. Gilbert. Lived in Aurora, Ill.

Child of Peter Cooke and second wife Hannah was:

812. George[6] Cooke, who died aged [illegible] (See p. 1049, History of Milford, Mass.)

Darius[5] Sumner, b. Sept. 28, 1753, grandfather of the family, was son of Daniel[4] Sumner (Ebenezer[3], George[2], William[1], William[1]), whose wife, Anna Daniels, was dau. of Major Joseph and Daniels, b. April 27, 1705, and married Margaret in Meudon, Mass., Feb. 10, 1731. Their children, who were uncles and aunts to Peter Cooke's children, were:

(a) Amey Sumner, b. Nov. 16, 1784, md. Peter Cooke aforesaid.

(b) Anna Sumner, b. Nov. 14, 1780, md. Zabadiah Flagg Oct., 1818.

(c) Sullivan Sumner, b. May 24, 1789.

(d) Solon Sumner, b. Feb. 10, 1798, d. y.

(e) Oladanna Sumner, b. March 14, 1798, md. Orrin Sumner Nov. 3, 1817.

(f) Solon Sumner, b. April 18, 1800.

Darius Sumner had an aunt, Silence Sumner, b. 1714, who md. (1) Benjamin Thayer; md. (2) Alexander Simmons. Ebenezer Sumner, father of Daniel, md. Abigail Lovell. William Sumner, the emigrant, came with his wife Mary from Dorchester, Oxford Co., England, with their children, William, Roger and George Sumner. They had Samuel Sumner, born in Dorchester, Mass., May 18, 1638; Increase Sumner, b. Feb. 23, 1642; Jean Sumner who married Mr. Way; Aaron Sumner; Abigail Sumner who died 1st 12, 1697; and Mary Sumner who married Nicholas Howe, 10th 11, 1671. William Sumner, the emigrant, was brother-in-law to John Capen and Thomas Swift. (Page 86, History of Dorchester, Mass.)

(To be continued.)

8083. CUSHMAN, CHARLES, HATCH—Ebenezer[3] Cushman (Thomas[2] Robert[1]) born Feb. 20, 1656-7, married Jan. 12, 1687-8, (and lived at Plympton, Mass.) Elizabeth Combes. Children were:

Lydia b. Dec. 13, 1687, m. John Waterman.
John b. Aug. 13, 1690, m. Joanna Pratt.
Moses b. about 1693, m. Mary Jackson.
James m. Sarah Hatch.
William, b. Oct. 27, 1710, m. Abigail Lee.

James[4] Cushman (Ebenezer[3], Thomas[2], Robert[1]) married, 1722, Sarah Hatch. Children were:

Lydia, b. ——,
James, b. 1725.
Ebenezer, b. Jan. 27, 1727, m. Zurviah Sherman.
Thomas, b. Jan. 28, 1728, m. Ruth Carver.
Mary, b. Nov. 1, 1730, m. —— Cannon.
Sarah, b. Dec. 1, 1732, m. —— Smith.
Seth, b. Oct. 16, 1734, m. ——
Elisha, b. May 20, 1737, m. Reliance Eastlin.
Elizabeth, b. July 29, 1739, m. Ephraim Delano.
Patience, b. ——, m. —— Cornish.
Temperance, b. ——, m. 1st, —— Dyer; m. 2d, —— Blair.

Ebenezer[3] Cushman (James[2], Ebenezer[1], Thomas[2], Robert[1]), b. Jan. 27, 1727, died Jan. 9, 1813, married, Sept. 18, 1750, Zurviah Sherman, b. July 11, 1730, died ——. Children were:

Ichabod, b. May 5, 1751.
David, b. Feb. 21, 1753.
Obed, b. Jan. 8, 1755, m. Ruth Barker.
Sarah, b. ——, m. Edmund Davis.
Mercy, b. April 9, 1758.
Mary, b. ——, m. Jacob Akins.
Patty, b. ——, m. John Kenny.
Jedidah, b. Jan. 18, 1768, m. Caleb Gifford.
Dinah, b. ——, m. Elihu Gifford.
Hannah, b. ——, m. Lawton Barker.

Can anyone add to the above records or throw any light on the ancestry of Elizabeth Combes (who married Ebenezer[2] Cushman) and Sarah Hatch (wife of James[2] Cushman)?—C. E. G. Jr.

8084. BARKER—Thomas[3] Barker, (Thomas[2], Moses[1]) b. Exeter, R. I., June 5, 1731; d. Ap. 18, 1796, m. 1751, Oct. 22, Mary Barney, of Newport, R. I., b. 1733, d. Ap. 16, 1817; had a family of 11 boys and 4 girls. Family tradition says that "Thomas, with five sons, served in the American Revolution." Can any of his descendants verify this? I have the Revolutionary war service of two only.

Thomas[3] Barker (Thomas[2], Moses[1]) m. Oct. 22, 1751, Mary Barney of Newport, R. I.; d. Ap. 18, 1796. She d. Ap. 16, 1817. They had 15 children.

Peleg[4], b. 1751, d. 1838, at Sharon, N. Y., m. ——(?) Isabel Sherman.
Thomas[4], b. 1752, Ap. 28, at Exeter, R. I., d. Nov. 25, 1837, m. June 10, 1787, Elizabeth Greene, of Tiverton, R. I.
Mary[4] b. 1757, d. 1831, m. Edward Haxie.
Weeden[4], b. 1777, d. 1809, m. 1800, Sept. 11, Hannah, dau. of James and Thankful (Barber).
Israel[4], b. ——, m. Amelia Brantley.
Mercy[4], b. ——, m. Lodowick Kenyon, 1777.
Zebedee[4], b. ——, m. Abby Cross.
Gilbert[4], b. ——,
Giles Barney[4], b. ——, m. Sally Rogers.
Arnold[4], b. ——, m. Polly Colgrove.
Beed[4] b. ——, m. —— Crandall.
Ichabod[4], b. ——,
Martha[4], b. ——, d. 1788, ag. 9m. 6 d.
Samuel, b. ——, m. Thankful Lewis, 1802.
Elizabeth, b. Oct. 7, 1779, d. 1823, Dec. 3; m. Dec. 12, 1803, Asa Babcock, as a second wife.

Peleg Barber[4] (Thomas[3], Thomas[2], Moses[1]), b. 1751, md. Isabel Sherman. I have not been able to learn her birth or marriage date. Had 11 children:

1. Thomas[5], b. 1788, at Hopkinton, R. I.
2. Peleg[5] S., b. 1753, at Charlestown, R. I.
3. Patty[5], b. 1757, at Charlestown, R. I.
4. Abial[5], b. 1759, at Charlestown, R. I.
5. Marchant[5], b. 1761, at Charlestown, R. I.
6. Experience[5], b. 1763, at Charlestown, R. I.
7. Mercy[5], b. 1764, at Westerly, R. I.
8. Hannah[5], b. 1764, at Westerly, R. I.
9. Susannah[5] b. 1768, at Westerly, R. I.
10. Isaac[5], b. 1800, at Westerly, R. I.
11. Wealthy[5] Ann, b. 1802, at Westerly, R. I.

I wish the birth dates of Thomas[4] Barber and wife Mary Barney's children might be given by the descendants of each child, so that the family tradition "Thomas with 5 sons served in the American Revolution" might be corroborated.—H. J. P.

Tiverton.

The Tiverton Literary Society had the largest gathering of the season Monday evening on the occasion of its meeting with the Misses Mabel and Florence Osborn. President Frank Wilpole presided and after the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Miss Sadie Boyd, and the roll call responded to with quotations from Shakespeare, the third act of "King Lear" was read and commented upon. A violin solo, "The Hymn for the Night," was given by Mr. Hubert Grab. One new member was admitted. The evening was finished with charades, which formed a very pleasant amusement. It was voted the next meeting should be with Joseph Church, 2d, and Capt. James B. Church, Jr.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to Alexander Welsh a lot of about 2,200 feet at the old Polo lot, Fort Road, for William H. Bateman.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Misses Richmond their well-known "Garden lot" fronting on the harbor, and next to the Armory of the Naval Reserves on Thames street, containing about 13,000 feet, to the Isaac Hartshorn Estate. This valuable lot will be improved and considerable buildings erected thereon, in the near future.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for Mrs. Mary H. Clarke her furnished cottage, known as the "Allen cottage," on Lincoln street, to Mrs. J. B. Carter, of Providence, for the summer season of 1902.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

State Returning Board

OFFICIAL COUNT

Of the Votes Cast for General Officers at the Election, November 5th, A. D. 1901.

Pursuant to Section 8 of Chapter 88 of the Public Laws, we hereby announce that we have counted the votes cast in the State at the election held on November 5th, A. D. 1901, for candidates for General Officers, and find as follows:

That the total number of votes cast in the State at said election for the candidates for Governor is forty-seven thousand six hundred and seventy-eight, of which number William Gregory, of North Kingstown, has twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-five; Lucius F. C. Garvin, of Cumberland, has nineteen thousand and thirty-eight, William E. Rightman, of Tiverton, has one thousand nine hundred and forty-five and James P. Reid, of Providence, has one thousand one hundred and twenty;

That the total number of votes cast in the State at said election for the candidates for Lieutenant Governor is forty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-four, of which number Charles Dean Kimball, of Providence, has twenty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-eight, Adelard Archambault, of Woonsocket, has seventeen thousand five hundred and sixty-three, Vernon R. Helme, of South Kingstown, has one thousand six hundred and eighty-five and Samuel Fassel, of Johnston, has one thousand three hundred and eighteen;

That the total number of votes cast in the State at said election for the candidates for Secretary of State is forty-seven thousand and ninety-eight, of which number Charles P. Bennett, of Providence, has twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and eighteen, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, of Lincoln, has sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-four, Smith Quinby, of Warwick, has one thousand four hundred and twenty-three and Andrew P. McMahon, of Cumberland, has one thousand one hundred and ninety-three;

That the total number of votes cast in the State at said election for the candidates for Attorney General is forty-six thousand six hundred and forty-four, of which number Charles F. Stearns, of Providence, has twenty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-four, Dennis J. Rolland, of Providence, has seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-one, James A. Williams, of Providence, has one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six and George A. Ballard, of Providence, has one thousand three hundred and seventy-three;

That the total number of votes cast in the State at said election for the candidates for General Treasurer is forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, of which number Walter A. Read, of Glocester, has twenty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-five, Clark Potter, of North Kingstown, has seventeen thousand three hundred and ten, Kilsha T. Read, of Woonsocket, has one thousand six hundred and forty-seven and Alfred Carter, of Warwick, has one thousand four hundred and six and

We therefore declare

That WILLIAM GREGORY, of North Kingstown, is elected GOVERNOR for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1902 and until his successor is elected and qualified.

That CHARLES DEAN KIMBALL, of Providence, is elected LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1902, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

That CHARLES P. BENNETT, of Providence, is elected SECRETARY OF STATE, for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1902, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

That CHARLES F. STEARNS, of Providence, is elected ATTORNEY GENERAL for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1902, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

That WALTER A. READ, of Glocester, is elected GENERAL TREASURER for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1902, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

IN ATTESTATION WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and caused our seal to be affixed, in the city of Providence, this seventh day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

FRANK E. HOLDEN,
ADDISON S. HOPKINS,
THOMAS B. DONAHUE,
GEORGE R. LAWTON,
CHARLES H. HANDY,
State Returning Board.

1234

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, guardian of the person and estate of SIMEON HAZARD, of full age, of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to WILLIAM HOLT, Guardian.

Newport, R. I., 18th 11th, 1901—12-14-3w

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MILK JARS, 25c., 50c., 75c.
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CARD TRAYS, " 20c.
CANDLE STICKS, " 30c.
WATCH SAFES, " 30c.
HAIR RECEIVERS, 50c. up.
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DRESDEN CLOCKS, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50.
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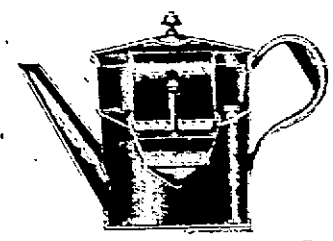
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At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ON THE PETITION in writing, of William J. Cozzens and Elizabeth S. Cozzens, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

JOHN H. COZZENS,

late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to William J. Cozzens, or some other suitable person:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
11-30 Probate Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Asa T. Davol of the Town of Little Compton, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date November 5th, A. D. 1885, and recorded in Land Evidence of said Town of Little Compton, Book No. 18, page 468 &c., there having been default in the performance of the condition contained in said Mortgage;

There will be sold at Public Auction, in the said Town of Little Compton, on the premises next hereinafter described, on WEDNESDAY, December 18th, A. D. 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest of the said Asa T. Davol at the time of the execution of said mortgage, in and to the following parcels of land, situated in the said Town of Little Compton: a certain tract of land bounded, Northerly and Easterly by land of Robert Tripp, Southerly by land of the United Congregational Society and Westerly by the Long Highway, so called: and at 12.15 o'clock P. M., on the same day, on the premises next hereinafter described, a certain tract of land bounded Northerly by land of William T. Davol, Easterly on the Highway aforesaid, Southerly by land of the United Congregational Society and Westerly by the Old Highway, (abandoned); and at 12.30 o'clock P. M., on the same day on the premises hereinafter described, viz: a certain tract of land bounded Northerly by Tiverton Line, Easterly by the Long Highway, Southerly by land of William T. Davol, and Westerly by the aforesaid abandoned Highway; the three tracts containing together sixteen acres of land, more or less, and being the same premises described in said mortgage.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, TREASURER.
Newport, Nov. 22, 1901.

STONE BRIDGE.

PUBLIC HEARINGS.

AT TOWN HALL, Tiverton, Saturday, December 14, at 11 A. M.
AT STATE HOUSE, Newport, Monday, December 16, at 1 P. M.

THE UNDERSIGNED, a commission appointed by the General Assembly at its November session, "to enquire into the desirability and necessity of either making changes in the present Stone Bridge, or of erecting a new structure," etc., in view of destruction of the same required by the Government work of widening and deepening the passage of the draw, will hold public hearings as above on the questions as to (1) the need of a bridge to replace the present Stone Bridge; and (2) the capacity required for a new structure now and in the future.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
J. HERBERT SHED,
NATHANIEL B. CHURCH,
Commissioners.
Providence, November 30, 1901—12-7-2w

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CITY OF NEWPORT.

OFFICE OF THE

Board of Health.

AT A REGULAR MEETING of the Board of Health held November 27, 1901, it was voted: That on and after the 27th day of November, 1901, the carcasses of all animals dying within the limits of the city of Newport shall be turned over to Harvey F. Copeland for disposal, and that the carcass of no animal dying within the said city limits shall be disposed of in any other way.

Information as to the existence of carcasses of dead animals transmitted to any of the following addresses will receive prompt attention.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.
HARVEY F. COPELAND,
Telephone, Newport, 655-4.
JOHN A. HAZARD,
Agent R. I. S. P. C. A.,
Telephone, Newport, 653-6.
S. P. COTTRELL,
12-7-4w Secretary Board of Health.

Fall, 1901

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